

THE
COLLECTED
COLLECTION

OF

The Newest and Most Ingenious

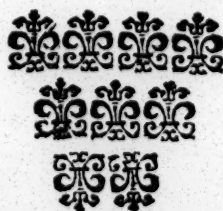
Poems, Songs, Catches, &c.

AGAINST

POPERY,

Relating to the Times.

Several of which never before Printed.



L O N D O N, Printed in the Year MDCLXXXIX.

(1689)

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The Man of Honour,

Occasion'd by the Postscript of *Pen's* Letter.

NOT all the Threats or Favours of a Crown,
A Prince's whisper, or a Tyrant's frown,
Can aw the Spirit, or allure the Mind
Of him who to strict Honour is inclin'd ;
Tho' all the pomp and pleasure that does wait
On publick Places and affairs of State,
Shou'd fondly court him to be base and great.
With even passions and with settled face
He wou'd remove the Harlots false embrace,
Tho' all the Storms and Tempests should arise
That Church-Magicians in their Cells devise,
And from their settled Basis Nations tear,
He wou'd unmov'd the mighty ruin bear ;
Secure in Innocence contemn 'em all,
And decently array'd in Honours fall.

For this brave *Shrewsbury* and *Lumly's* Name
Shall stand the foremost in the List of Fame,
Who first with steady minds the Current broke,
And to the suppliant *Monarch* boldly spoke.

Great SIR, renown'd for Constancy, how just
Have we obey'd the Crown, and serv'd our Trust ;
Espous'd your Cause and Interest in distress,
Your self must witness, and our Foes confess !
Permit us then ill Fortune to accuse,
That you ar last unhappy Counsels use,
And ask the only thing we must refuse.
Our Lives and Fortunes freely we'll expose,
Honour alone we cannot, must not lose :
Honour that spark of the Celestial Fire,
That above Nature makes Mankind aspire ;
Ennobles the rude passions of our frame
With thirst of Glory and desire of Fame.
The richest Treasure of a generous breast
That gives the Stamp and Standard to the rest.
VVit, Strength, and Courage, are wild dangerous force,
Unless this softens and directs their Course,
And would you rob us of the Noblest part,
Accept a Sacrifice without a Heart ?

'Tis much beneath the Greatness of a Throne,
To take the Casket when the Jewel's gone :
Débauch our Principles, corrupt our Race,
And teach the Nobles to be false and base !
VVhat confidence can you in them repose,
VVho e'er they serve, you all their value lose ;
VVho once enslave their Conscience to their Lust,
Have lost the Reins, and can no more be just.
Of Honour Men at first like VVomen nice,
Raife Maiden-scruples at unpractis'd Vice ;
Their modest Nature curbs the struggling flame,
And stifles what they wish to act, with shame ;
But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive
That they may tast forbidden fruit and live ;
They stop not here their course, but safely in,
Grow strong, luxuriant, and bold in sin ;
True to no Principles, press forward still,
And only bound by Appetite their VVill :
Now fawn and flatter while this Tide prevails,
But shift with every veering blast their Sails :
Mark those that meanly truckle to your power,
They once deserted and chang'd sides before,
And would to morrow *Mahomet* adore !
On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
Free is their Service, and unbought their Love :
VVhen danger calls, and Honour leads the way,
VVith Joy they follow, and with Pride obey.
VVhen the rebellious Foe came rolling on,
And shook with gathering multitudes the Throne ;
Where were the Minions then ? VVhat arms, what force
Coud'd they oppose to stop the Torrent's course.
Then *Pembroke*, then the Nobles firmly stood,
Free of their Lives, and lavish of their Blood ;
But when your Orders to mean ends decline,
VVith the same Constancy they all resign.

Thus spake the Youth, who open'd first the way,
And was the *Phosphorus* to the dawning day ;
Follow'd by a more glorious splendid host,
Than any Age, or any Realm can boast.

great their fame, so numerous the train,
 name were endless, and to praise in vain;
Herbert, and great *OXFORD* merit more,
 is their flight, and more sublime they soar:
 high, their Vertue as yet wants a name
 feeding wonder, and surpassing fame:
 glorious Church, erect thy radiant head,
 Storm is past, th' impending Tempest fled:
 fate decreed thy Ruin or Disgrace,
 had not given such Sons, so brave a Race.
 When for Destruction Heaven a Realm designs,
 symptoms first appear in slavish Minds:
 these Men would prop a sinking Nations weight,
 falling Vengeance, and reverse even Fate.
 other Nations boast their fruitful soil,
 their fragrant Spices, their rich *Vine* and *Oil*;
 breathing Colours, and in living Paint
 them excel; their Mastery we grant,
 to instruct the Mind, to arm the Soul
 With Virtue which no dangers can controul;
 halt the Thought, a speedy Courage lend,
 that Horror cannot shake, or Pleasure bend:
 these are the *English Arts*, these we profess,
 to be the same in Misery and Success;
 to teach Oppressors Law, assist the good,
 relieve the wretched, and subdue the proud:
 such are our Souls; But what doth *VVorth* avail
 When Kings commit to hungry Priests the Scale?
 All Merit's light when they dispose the weight,
 Who either would embroil, or rule the State.
 to fame those Hero's who their Yoke refuse,
 and blast that Honesty they cannot use;
 the strength and safety of the Crown destroy,
 and the King's power against himself employ:
 Front his Friends, deprive him of the brave,
 rest of these he must become their slave.
 Men like our Money, come the most in play
 or being base, and of a course alloy;
 the richest Medals, and the purest Gold
 of native value and exactest mold,
 worth conceal'd, in private Closets shine,
 or vulgar use too precious and too fine,
 Whilst Tin and Copper with new stamping bright,
 coins of base Metal, counterfeit and light
 to all the business of the Nations turn
 rais'd in Contempt, us'd and employ'd in Scorn;
 shining Vertues are for Courts too bright,
 Whose guilty Actions fly their searching light;
 rich in themselves, disdaining to aspire,
 great without pomp they willingly retire:
 give place to Fools, whose rash misjudging sence
 increases the weak Measures of their Prince;
 gone to admire, and flatter him in ease,
 they study not his good, but how to please;
 they blindly and implicitly run on,
 nor see those dangers which the others shun:

*VV*ho slow to act, each business duly weigh,
 Advise with Freedom, and with Care obey;
*VV*ith *VV*isdom fatal to their Interest strive
 To make their Monarch lov'd, and Nation thrive;
 Such have no place where Priests and *VV*omen reign,
*VV*ho love fierce Drivers, and a looser Reign.

To the Haters of *Popery*, by what Names or Titles soever dignified or distinguished.

THus 'twas of old: then *Israel* felt the rod,
*VV*hen they obey'd *their Kings*, and not *their God*;
*VV*hen they went *whoring* after other Loves,
 To worship *Idols* in new planted Groves.
 They made their Gods of *Silver*, *Wood* and *Stone*,
 And bow'd and worship'd them when they had done.
 And to compleat *their* sins in every way, (say,
 They made 'em things call'd *Priests*: *Priests* did I }
 A *Crew* of *Villains* more prophane than they.
 Hence sprung that *Romish Crew*, first spawn'd in hell,
*VV*ho now in vice *their Pedagogues* excel:
 Their Church consists of vicious *Popes*, the rest
 Are *Whoring Nuns*, and bawdy *Bugg'ring Priests*.
 A *Noble Church*! dawb'd with Religious Paint,
 Each *Priest's* a *Stallion*, every *Rogue's* a *Saint*.
 Come you that Loath this Brood: this murdering Crew
 Your Predecessors well their mercies knew.
 Take courage now, and be both bold and wise;
 Stand for your *Laws*, *Religion*, *Liberties*,
 You have the odds, the *Law* is still your own,
 They're but your *Traitors*, therefore pull 'em down;
 They struck with fear for to destroy your *Laws*:
 There, raving mad, you see they fix their Paws,
 Because from them they fear their fatal fall,
 And by them *Laws*, they know you'll hang 'em all,
 Then keep your *Laws*, the *Penal* and the rest,
 And give your Lives up e'er you give the Test.
 And thou great *Church of England* hold thy own,
 Force you they may, otherwise give up none }
 Robbers and Thieves must count for what they've }
 Let all thy mighty pillars now appear (done;
Zealous and *brave*, void both of *hate* and *fear*.
 That *Popish Fops* may grin, lie, cheat and whine;
 And curse their *Faith*, while all admire thine.
 And thou brave *Oxford*, *Cambridge*, and the rest
 Great *Hough* and *Fairfax*, that durst beard the Beast,
 Let all the just with thanks record their name
 On standing *Pillars* of immortal fame.

Let God arise, and his Enemies perish

A New Song upon the *Hogen, Mogens*.

D'ye hear the News of the *Dutch* dear *Frank*,
Sutterkin, Hogen, Herring, Van Dunk;
 That they intend to play us a Prank,
Sutterkin, Hogen, Herring, Van Dunk; [*Van Dunk*;
Hogen, Mogen, Hogen, Mogen, Sutterkin, Hogen, Herring,
Hogen, Mogen, Hogen, Mogen, &c.

But if they boldly dare come ashore,
Sutterkin, &c.

Some may repent themselves full sore,
Sutterkin, &c.

Hogen, Mogen, &c.

For the brave *English, Irish, and Scotch*,
Sutterkin, &c.

Will in their Guts, make such a hotch-potch,
Sutterkin, &c.

Hogen, Mogen, &c.

Better they'd stuck to the *Herring Trade*,
Sutterkin, &c.

For, in Pickle, themselves shall be laid,
Sutterkin, &c.

Hogen, Mogen, &c.

What, though they have laid their Heads together,
Sutterkin, &c.

No *Orange* can thrive if't prove bad weather,
Sutterkin, &c.

Hogen, Mogen, &c.

Who be to them, if *Dartmouth* the Great,
Sutterkin, &c.

Should fall upon them with his whole Fleet,
Sutterkin, &c.

Hogen, Mogen, &c.

Pass not *Port-Bay*, for fear it should Ereeze,
Sutterkin, &c.

For then, I sack, your *Orange* we'll squeeze,
Sutterkin, &c.

Hogen, Mogen, &c.

To the King's most Excellent Majesty.

The humble Address of the Master Poet *Laurent*, and
 other the Catholick and Protestant Dissenters, Rhy-
 mers, with the rest of the fraternity of Minor Po-
 ets, Inferior Versifiers, and sometime of the Corpo-
 ration of *Parnassus*, sheweth,

THAT we your Majesties poor Slaves,
 Your merry Beggars, witty Knaves;
 Being highly sensible how long
 A dull dry Prose addressing throng;
 Has daily vext your Royal Ears,
 With fulsom Speeches, canting Prayers:
 Unanimously think it better
 To Address your Majesty in Meter.

Great Sir, your healing Declaration
 Hath cur'd a bare distemper'd Nation,
 The godly hug it for the ease

It gives to squeemish Consciences;
 And by the Mamonists 'tis made,
 The great encouragement to Trade;
 But we must reckon it in our Sense,
 A gracious Poetick Licence:

'Tis your peculiar Excellency,
 To Indulge Religion to a frenzy;
 And our Religion is our fancy;

For which we judge 'twill be a crime,
 Not to present our thanks in time:

We with all Subjects of our mind,
 To pay like us our dues in kind,
 That zealous Protestants would greet,
 With Laws and Tests your Royal Feet;
 That all would Sacrifice in course,
 Their stubborn Consciences to yours:

That *Academies* would oppose
 On no pretence your Royal cause,
 But quit the Oaths and Founders Laws;

And no more grudge your Souldiers Quarters,
 That Corporations yield their Charters;

That Burrough Towns would chuse such Men
 That you shan't need send home agen;

That all fit Members take their Stations,
 Such as Sir *Roger*, and Sir *Patience*;

That your new Friends stand every where
 Of which we recommend one pair,

Honest *Will Pen*, and *Harry Care*;
 Dissenters will with all their Heart-a

Vote for a Gospel *Magna Charta*:
 Your Judges too will over awe,

The poor dead Letter of the Law;
 Your high Commissioners from whom

The obstinate receive their doom,
 For trusty Catholicks make room.

Onely one trusty pair of th' Nation,
 Would bind the power of Dispensation;

For which we'll rate the Rogues agen,
 With second part of *Hind* and *Pan*;

We'll Rhyme 'em into better manners,
 And make them lowr their Paper Banners:

Nor is it all that we will do,
 We Sir, will pray like Poets too.

May our great God *Apollo* bless you,

May *Juno* bless the budding *Iffae*,

May you attempt no Enemies,

To skirmish with but Butter-flies;

Nor Eternize your martial Arms

But in mock Siege and false Alarms.

May you live long, see peacefull days,

May we live to sing your praise.

And after all may you inherit,

The Over-plus of the Saints merit.

To the King's most Excellent Majesty,

The Humble Address of the Atheists, or the Sect of the Epicureans.

GREAT SIR,

SINCE Men of all Factions and Misperceptions of Religion have presented their Thanks for your Majesty's gracious Declaration of Liberty of Conscience, we think our selves obliged as Gentlemen to bring up the Reer, and become Addressors too. We are sure there is no Party of Men more improved and advanced by your Indulgence, both as to Principles and Profelytes of *England*. And our Cabals are as full as your Royal Chappel, for your unlimited Toleration has freed the Nation from the troublesome Bygottries of Religion, and has taught Men to conclude, That there is nothing Sacred or Divine but Trade and Empire, and nothing of such eternal Moment as Secular Interest. Your Majesty's Universal Indulgence hath introduced such unanswerable Objections and happy Inferences towards all Religion, that many have given over the troublesome Enquiry after Truth, and let down that easie Inference, That all Religion is a Cheat. In particular, we can never sufficiently Congratulate and Admire that generous Passage in your Majesty's gracious Declaration, wherein you have Freed your People from the solemn Superstition of Oaths, and especially from those slavish Ceremonious ones of Supremacy and Allegiance; and are pleased to declare, That you expect no more from your People, than what they are obliged to by the ancient Law of Nature; and so have bravely given them leave to preserve and defend themselves, according to the first Chapter of Nature's *Magna Charta*. Your Majesty was pleased to wish, That all your Subjects were of your own Religion, and perhaps every Division wishes you were of theirs. But, for our parts, we freely declare, That if ever we should be obliged to profess any Religion, we would prefer the Church of *Rome*, which does not much trouble the World with the Affairs of invisible Beings, and is very civil and indulgent to the Failings of humane Nature. That Church can ease us from the grave Fatigues of Religion, and, for our Moneys, allow us Proxies, both for Piety and Penances. We can easily swallow and digest a Wafer-Deity, and will never cavil at the Mass in an unknown Tongue, when the Sacrifice it self is so unintelligible. We shall never scruple the Adoration of an Image, when the chiefest Religion is but Imagination: And we are willing to allow the Pope an absolute Power to dispense with all Penal Laws, in this World and in another. But before we return to *Rome*, the greatest Origin of Atheism, we wish the Pope and all his Vassal Princes would free the World from the Fear of Hell and Devils, the Inquisition and Dragoons, and that he would take off the Chimney-money of *Purgatory*, and Custom and Excise of Pardons and Indulgences, which are so much inconsistent with the flourishing Trade and Grandeur of the Nation. As for the Engagements of Lives and Fortunes, the common Complement of Addressers, we confess we have a more peculiar Tenderness for those most sacred Concernments, but yet we will hazard them in defence of your Majesty with as much Constancy and Resolution, as your Majesty will defend your Indulgence; that is, so far as the Adventure will serve our Designs and Interest.

*from the Devil-Tavern, the Fifth
of November, 1688. Presented
by Justice Baldock, and was gra-*

The D R E A M.

WEary'd with Business, and with Cares oppress'd,
My Faculties were Doz'd and fond of rest,
An unusual heaviness did on me creep,
My Soul Indulg'd it: yet I could not sleep,
Dreams short and frightful vex't me all the Night,
I found I was betray'd and long'd for Light;
The first such Wonders brought within my view,
And when I wak'd I almost thought 'em true:
Methought I saw great *Julius* sadly lie
Bleeding from all his Wounds, and *Brutus* by,
The ungrateful *Brutus* which he doted on,
With *Meager Cassius* pleas'd with what he had done,
Crying the World and *Brutus* are my own;
I nearer drew to view the Ghastly Trunk,
But oh! the Scene was chang'd, *Cæsar* was sunk,
'Twas *Charles* the Second which lay mangl'd there,
The Sacrificing-Tribe too did appear,
Brutus and *Cassius*, *T—k* and *Petre* were;
Charles weeping grasp'd his Brother by the hand:
I heard him sighing say, within my Land
A faithful pious Mother thou wilt command,
Who in the utmost of Extremity,
When all but her and much upbraided I
Wou'd from the Crown have quite excluded thee,
Preach'd up thy forfeit Title by our Laws,
And in thy Banishment maintain thy Cause,
Passive Obedience thou hast much in store,
But do not Urge it to thy utmost Power:
James to preserve her He devoutly Swore;
Charles dy'd, and *James* discharg'd his Oath next hour.
I saw the Priests flock in: the Bishops out,
Saw *Peters* cram the Wafers down his Throat, }
Tho' dead it sav'd the Heretick no doubt,
I saw him poorly bury'd in the Night,
A wretched Train, and a more wretched Sight,
To me it seem'd a Funeral in Disguise,
For fear his Creditors shou'd his Body Seize,
I saw him shewn for two pence in a Chest,
Like *Monk*, *Old Harry*, *Mary* and the rest,
And if the Figure answer'd its intent,
In Ten years time 'twould buy a Monument:
My Fancy brought me back again to Court
Where only Fools Advise, and Knaves Resort,
Our Kingdom's Curse and other Nations Sport:
I heard the *Jesuits* in a grand Cabal
Resolve to root out Heresie or fall,
Each his particular Opinion gave,
They cry'd an opportunity we have
To Fetter Her who kept us long Her Slave;
Immediately they pitch'd upon a Rule,
How to suppress it by a forward Fool,
A Bawling, Blund'ring, Senseless Tool,
Whose Mouthings at *White-Chappel* first began,
Who regularly to his Greatness ran

Thro' all the vile degrees of Treachery,
And now Usurps the Court of Equity:
He said, if you wou'd bring the Clergy down,
Erect a Court-Commission from the Crown,
And for Dispensing Law let me alone,
They hugg'd their Bubble, and the Deed was done
Petre grew Fat, and with *Mandamus's*
Canker'd the worthy *Universities*,
The Seats of Learning Block-heads might command
Yet the King's Promise to the Church doth stand;
Next *Liberty of Conscience* was Ordain'd;
The Bishops for Contempt was then Arraign'd;
The Nobles and the Commons Clofetted,
The *Penal-Laws* must be Abolished,
If you refuse, your Principles are base,
Disloyal, and you lose our Royal Grace,
And each that has Dependencies his Place;
Rocheſter fell, the Loyal *Herbert* starv'd,
Each that forsook his God his Monarch serv'd,
Somerſet lost his Troops, and *Shrewsbury*,
Oxford was strip'd, so *Scarsdale*, *Lumley*,
And many more too tedious to relate,
By whom in safety *James* thou now dost sit.
When thou perceiv'dst no comfort from this Wild,
Thy Dame immediately was quick with Child,
The Princess at the Bath when it was Born,
The Bishops in the Tower, yet had he sworn
The *Church of England* never should be wrong'd,
Upon this News the Hot-brain'd Papiſts throng'd;
I wak'd, and as I on my Dream reflected,
My reasonable Notions thus projected,
O King, I cry'd, thy Measures run too fast,
And thou wilt find the Curse of it at last,
Why dost thou wrong thy Country, shame thy Life,
To please false Priests, and an ungrateful Wife?
A Wife whose Character has always been
A Fawning Dutcheſs, and a Sawcy Queen;
How canst thou suffer *Petre's* Insolence,
Who only makes a harvest of his Prince,
A Slave to Rule Three Kingdoms, Govern Thee,
Yet ne're was Master of a Family;
This Serpent envying thy Happiness,
Has crept into thy *Eve* whose wilfulness
Has certainly betray'd thy Paradise.
Discerning *Hallifax* thy fall foresaw,
And early did his slighted Faith withdraw;
He needs no pardon for the advice he gave,
Which shews him honeste'r than some that have,
Under the Rose men use their minds to tell,
But now, *Myne-Heire*, 'tis under the Broad-Seal;
O *Nassau* with thy promis'd Succours come,
And be to us like *Anthony* to *Rome*,
Thy Wife shall young *Oſtavia's* place supply,
And those that have betray'd our Country fly,
Unless the King to prove the Prince his own,
Shall to the Lyon's-Den present his Son,
And if the Royal Brute do not destroy
The Infant, by Christ 'tis his nowne Joy.

The VISION.

Was at an hour when busie Nature lay
 Dissolv'd in slumbers from the noisy Day,
 When gloomy shades and dusky Atoms spread
 Darkness o're this Universal Bed,
 And all the gaudy beams of light were fled;
 My fluttering fancy 'midst this silent peace,
 Releas'd of sleep, and unconcern'd with ease,
 Flew to my wandring thoughts an object near,
 Strange in its form, and in appearance rare.
 I thought (yet sure it cou'd not be a Dream,
 As real all its Imperfections seem)
 With Princely Port a stately Monarch came,
 Whose form was his mein, and Noble was his frame.
 Fullen sorrow brooded on his Brow;
 He seem'd beneath some weighty Fate to bow;
 Trust and Grief upon his Eye-lids rest,
 And shew the struggling troubles of his Breast.
 Upon his Head a nodding Crown he wore,
 And in his Hand a yielding Sceptre bore;
 Forlorn and careless did his strokes appear,
 And every motion spoke a wild Despair.
 This mournful Scene did all my passions move,
 And challeng'd both my pity and my love,
 And yet I thought him by the ruins made
 Above my pity, and beyond my aid:
 Long did he in a pensive silence stand,
 As if his thoughts cou'd not his words command:
 Too big for Speech—
 Still fullen murmurs from his bosom flew,
 And thus a draught of his disorders drew.
 Almighty Powers! By whose consent alone
 Ordain'd, I did ascend the Regal Throne,
 Led by your dark Decrees and Conduct there,
 As your great Vicegerent, did appear
 Beneath my Charge, whilst crowding Nations sat
 And bow'd and did admire my rising Fate,
 'Twas then my Laurels fresh and blooming grew,
 And a loud Fame of all my Glories flew:
 My willing Subjects bless'd and clap the day,
 The bravest and the best were all my Friends;
 Whilst Faction in confusion sneak'd away;
 At distance grinn'd, but cou'd not reach their ends.
 Much Faith unto my Promises were shown,
 My Word they took, for Oaths were useless grown;
 My very Word compos'd their hopes and fears,
 Sacred 'twas held, and all serene appears.
 Until my Fate revers'd did backwards reel,
 I marr'd all my Fame, and alter'd Fortune's Wheel;
 O Gods! Why did ye thus unconstant prove?
 Was I the envy of th' Abodes above?
 Or was this stately Majesty but given
 To be the Cheat and Flattery ev'n of Heaven?

Can ne're a Saint implore Coelestial aid?
 Nor yet the Virgin Goddess Intercede?
 'Twas for her Cause engag'd I suffer'd lye;
 'Twas to advance her just Divinity:
 Yes, I avow the Quarrel and the Cause,
 'Twas for my Faith, and to out-cope the Laws.
 I'd rather be forsaken and alone,
 Than sit a craving Monarch on a Throne:
 Let all my cringing Slaves at distance stand,
 Fawn on th' Invading Foe, and kiss his Hand;
 Leave me, their Prince, forsaken and forlorn,
 Expos'd to all their flights and publick scorn.
 Let after Ages judge the mighty Test,
 Judge the Magnific Grandure of my breast.

I saw my great forefather yet afore
 Seal all his Sacred Vows with martyr'd gore;
 His Royal Issue branded with disgrace,
 Saw all th' Efforts they us'd t' Exclude the Race:
 And yet these Terrours all I dare invade,
 Thus Conscience, Thus Religion does persuade.
 I'll stand or fall by both those Tenets still,
 And be the second Martyr to my Will:
 And then he stop'd, his fiery Eye-balls move,
 And thus his resisting Fate he strove,
 And stood, like *Capaneus* Defying Jove.

When strait a noise, from whence it came unknown,
 Was heard to answer in an angry tone;
 Dye then unpity'd Prince, for thus thy Fate
 Long since, by its Decrees, did antedate:
 To such perverseness, what regard is shown,
 What Merit cou'dst thou plead to mount a Throne?
 To thy repeated Wishes Heav'n was kind,
 And pleas'd the wild Ambition of thy mind;
 It put a Sceptre in thy eager Hand,
 Yet not t' oppose the Genius of the Land;
 If Reason cou'd not sway thy Actions here,
 Heav'n's not oblig'd by Wonders to appear.

See how thy Creatures at a distance stand,
 Skulk from thy troubles to a safer Land;
 Those who their Beings to thy bounty own,
 Forsake their fawning Cheats, and now are gone.
 Those who were Friends to thee and to thy Cause,
 Bold for their Rights, and for their Country's Cause,
 Thou, from thy darker Counsels, did'st remove,
 And want their aid now they refuse their love.

Some more imperfect sounds did reach my Ear,
 But sense return'd, and day-light did appear.

The CONVERTS.

I Did intend in Rhimes Heroick
 To write of Converts Apostolick,
 Describe their persons and their shames,
 And leave the World to guess their Names:

But soon I thought the scoundrel Theme
Was for Heroick Song too mean :
Their Characters we'll then rehearse
In Burlesque, or in Dogrel Verse ;
Of Earls, of Lords, of Knights I'll sing,
That chang'd their Faith to please their King.

The first an Antiquated Lord,
A walking Mummy in a word,
Moves cloath'd in Plaisters Aromatick,
And Flannel, by the help of a Stick,
And like a grave and noble Peer,
Outlives his Sense by sixty year ;
And what an honest Man would anger,
Outlives the Fort he built at *Tanger* ;
By Pox, and Whores long since undone,
Yet loves it still and fumbles on :
Why he's a Favourite few can guess,
Some say it's for his Uglinefs ;
For often Monsters (being rare)
Are valued equal to the Fair :
For in his Mistresses, kind *James*
Loves Uglinefs in its extreame ;
But others say 'tis plainly seen,
'Tis for the choice he made o'th' Queen ;
When he the King and Nation blest
With Off-spring of the House of *Est* ;
A Dame whose Affability
Equals her Generosity :
Oh ! Well match'd Pair, who frugally are bent
To live without the aids of Parliament.
All this and more the Peer perform'd,
Then to compleat his Vertues, turn'd ;
But 'twas not Conscience, or Devotion,
The hopes of Riches or Promotion
That made his Lordship first to vary,
But 'twas to please his Daughter *Mary* ;
And she to make retaliation,
Is full as lewd in her Vocation.

The next a Caravannish Thief,
A lazy Mass of damn'd Rump Beef ;
Prodigious Guts, no Brains at all,
But very Rhynocercical,
Was married ere the Cub was lick't,
And now not worthy to be kick't,
By Jockeys bubbled, forc'd to fly,
To save his Coat, to *Italy*.
Where *Haynes* and he, that Virtuous Youth,
Equal in Honour, Sense, and Truth :
By Reason and pure Conscience urg'd,
Past Sins by Abjuration Purged :
But 'tis believed both Rogue and Peer,
More worldly Motives had to veer ;
The Scoundrel Plebeians swerving
Was to secure himself from starving ;
And that which made the Peer a Starter,
Was hope of a long with'd for Garter.

Next comes a Peer who sits at Helm,
And long has steer'd the giddy Realm.

With Taylors motion, mean, and grace,
But a right Statesman in Grimace ;
The Sneer, the Cringe, and then by turns,
The dully grave, the frowns and scorns,
Promises all, but nought performs :
But how e're great he's in Promotion,
He's very humble in Devotion ;
With Taper light, and Feet all bare,
He to the Temple did repair,
And knocking softly at the Portal,
Cry'd, Pity (Fathers) a poor Mortal,
And for a Sinner make some room,
A Prodigal returned home.
Some say that in that very hour,
Convert *Mall Megs* arriv'd at door ;
So both with Penitent Grimace,
Statesman and Bawd with humble pace
Entred, and were receiv'd to grace.

The next a Knight of high Command
'Twixt *London-Bridge*, and *Dover-Sand* ;
A Man of strict and holy Life,
Taking example from his Wife :
He to a Nunnery sent her packing,
Lest they should take each other napping.
Some say *L^e Estrange* did him beget,
But that he wants his Chin and VVit ;
Good natur'd, as you may observe,
Letting his Titular Father starve,
A Man of Sense and Parts we know it,
But dares as well be damn'd as show it :
Brib'd by himself, his trusty Servant
At Kings-Bench-Bar appear'd most fervent
Against his Honour for the Test,
To him 'twas Gain, to all Mankind a Jest.

Blue-Bonnet Lords a numerous store,
Whose best Example is they're Poor ;
Meerly drawn in in hopes of Gains,
And reap their Scandal for their pains :
Half starv'd at Court with expectation,
Forc'd to return to their Scotch Station,
Despis'd and scorn'd by every Nation.

A paltry Knight not worth a mention,
Renounc'd his Faith for piteous Pension ;
After upon True Protestant Whore,
H' had spent a large Estate before.

A thick short Colonel next does come,
With stradling Legs and massy Bumb :
With many more of shameful Note,
VVhose Honour ne'er was worth a Groat.

If these be Pillars of the Church,
'Tis fear'd they'll leave her in the lurch ;
If abler Men do not support her VVeight,
All quickly will return to *Forty Eight*.

The AUDIENCE.

THE Criticks that pretend to sense
 Do cavel at the Audience,
 As if his Grace were not as good
 bow to, as a piece of Wood.
 I not our Fathers heretofore
 their senseless Deities adore?
 I not old *Delphos* all along
 without Oracles without a Tongue?
 I not wisest Monarchs did importune,
 A dumb God to know their fortune.
 I not the speaking Head of late
 matters learnedly Debate?
 I not rendred without Tongue or Ears
 his answers to his whisp'ring Peers?
 I not shall we to a living Prince
 deny the State of Audience?
 That though the Bantling cannot speak?
 I not like the Blockhead he may squeak;
 I not the Audience by Interpreter;
 I not the wisest Prince can do no more.
 Then enter with a Princes Banner
Charles after the usual manner.
 That Sir, *His Holiness* from *Rome*
 sets your high *Birth*. The Prince cry'd *Mum*.
 He consecrated Robe and Clout,
 You'll vouchsafe to hear me out;
 I not many other Toys I'm come
 to play them to your sacred Bum.
 I not young, yet such a Godlike Ray!
 I not your *Dad* was Priest *D — a*;
 That Prince, I have no more to say.
 Conducted next there comes, *Great Sir*,
 An *Envoy* from the *Emperour*,
 To congratulate your lucky fate;
 That gives to *Englands* Throne new date;
 I not joy that any Thing should Reign,
 I not baffle *Orange* and the *Dane*.
 I not Youth, to see them thus beguil'd,
 I not token of his favour, smil'd.
 That the *Spaniard* laugh'd outright.
 I not ham'd again in *Eighty Eight*.
 I not t, having pass'd the inward Centry,
 I not doubtfull *Monsieur* makes his entry.
 I not *King*, my *Master*, Sir, has sent
 For *Royal Birth* to complement;
 I not you will make it but appear,
 I not that you are *Englands* lawfull Heir.
 I not the *Lady Powis* took him short.
 I not each } *Have you a King? Thank Maz'rine for't.*
 I not } *Who'er the Father was, the Mother*
 I not *France's* Queen. [*Powis*] *Who questions t'other?*
 I not his reproof he pawn'd a Purse,
 I not parting made his Peace with Nurse.

The *Dane*, the *Suede*, with other Nations
 Come in with loud Congratulations.
 Upon the *Suede* so fam'd for Battle
 He cast a frown, and shook his Rattle.
 And for the *Dane*, who took the part
 Of good Prince *George*, he let a fart.
 This put him in a fullen fit,
 Nurse scarce could dance him out of it.
 When an Ambassador from *Poland*
 Knock'd at the Door, and Velt from *Holland*,
 He crying Suck'd, and Sucking cry'd,
 When Lady Governess reply'd,
 Peace, Prince, Peace, Prince, Peace, pretty Prince,
 And let the *States* have Audience.
 Dutch- } *From Holland I am hither sent*
 man. } *To Challenge, not to Complement.*
Prepare with speed your Twenty Sail,
Your twice Four thousand on the Nail;
Which by your Senate was enacted,
With Orange when your Sire contracted.
 The name of *Holland* did affright,
 And make th' young Hero scream outright.
 But, *Orange* nam'd, the Royal Elf,
 The sweet, sweet Babe besmit himself.
Tyrconnel, who came o're no less
 Than to be made his Governess.
 To take her leave, by luck came in,
 She suck'd his Nose, and kick'd him clean.
 Last came the *Lady Hales* from Play,
 Mov'd by instinct he cry'd, *Mamma*,
 And posted to the Queen away.

An Epistle to Mr. DRYDEN.

DRYDEN, thy Wit has catterwaul'd too long,
 Now only *Lero, Lero*, is the Song.
 What Singing, Dancing, Interludes of late
 Stuff, and set off our goodly Farce of State?
 Nor *Abbevill* can turn a deep intrigue,
 Till first well warm'd with Bishop *Talgots* Jigg.
Wem cannot sleep, or if a Nap he takes,
 His Dream some old *Tresilian* Ballad breaks.
 But was e're seen the like, in Prose or Metre,
 To this mad Play, or work of Father P?
 At Court no longer Punchionello takes,
 Each Scene, Part, Cue, mishapen to the Mac's.
 Such Plot, and the Catastrophe is such,
 We must be either *Irish* all, or *Dutch*,
 Our very Judges in *Westminster-Hall*,
 Like their old Roof, are *Irish* Timber all.
 And (blest us!) *Irish* Wolves are brought to keep
 The Nation, grown now all such silly Sheep;
 Such errant Asses, errant Cattle made,
 Or to be yoak'd, or saddl'd, or fleec'd, or flea'd.
 O Martyrs Son! thy destiny is shown,
 Such props are for a Scaffold, not a Throne:

So *Juno*, in her impotence of rage,
 By Heav'n deny'd, did Hell's black Powers engage;
 Yet sped the Heroes: *Jove* and *Fate* were strong;
 Religious care! He took his Gods along:
 But heark, O heark, the *Belgick* Lion roars,
 And shakes afar the *French* and *British* Shoars:
 One Brandy drinks, one mad with Prophecies:
 Lord! what they tell us of some Prince from Frize;
 Arms, and the Man they sing, no *French* fineness,
 But hearty Blows, and *Brandenburg* Address.
 Hence Vigor, and our Figure come agen,
 We rise, and walk, all true erected men.
 The force of those *Circean* Caps subdu'd,
 And the wild Charms our new *Armida* brew'd,
 The witchcraft he (our true *Rinaldo*) broke,
 And grubs the base pretenders to his stock.

But oh, what Spirit of Deceit afar,
 Possess'd our Pulpits, and bewitch'd the Bar?
 What bane, what Mischief on poor Mortals shed
 By Vermin, from the Laws corruption bred?
 Tho to their *Irish* Roof no Cobwebs cleave,
 Below what strife and endless toys they weave:
 Wanting brave strength to strangle men to death,
 What Frauds they hide! What Venom underneath!
 And when some shorter course to Murder's shown,
 Cry, O that (luscious) Point! they gain'd the Crown.
 Sons of the Pulpit the same measures keep,
 And of that same stumm'd Cup have drank as deep,
 Agog for some odd transubstantiate thing,
 Chimera reign, and Metaphysick King,
 Sublim'd to School Divinity extremes,
 Their Brains would crow with Patriarchal Dreams.
 So high from solid honest wisdom blown,
 They'd have some Hippo-Centaur on the Throne.
 Not Law ordain'd, but by some God appointed,
 Not Lay-elected, but by Priest-anointed.
 Away this Goblin Witchcraft, Priestcraft-Prince;
 Give us a King, divine, by Law and Sense.

Now Bar and Pulpit to *Dragoons* a sport,
 Their Cause is carried to the last Resort.
 Princes in more compendious method teach,
 Force is their way; let old Apostles preach.
 What's stablish'd Law, where standing Armies come,
 Or who'll talk Gospel to a Kettle-Drum?
 When God would hear, where Giants did oppress,
 The several Nations had their *Hercules*.
 So were the Horns of grizzly violence broke,
 So People freed from tripple Geryons yoke.
 The various Snake in *Lerna* Lough that bred,
 That loll'd and hiss'd to death, at every head.
Nemean Lion, *Erymanthian* Boar,
 In Bogs that wallow, and on Hills that roar:
 All by his Godlike Prowess done away,
 Their lawless rule, and that Gigantick sway.
 In vain whilst this high Virtue Nations sought,
 The *Nassau*-House were never yet without.
 Nor is confin'd to *Provinces* their care,
 Their generous labour neighbouring *Kingdoms* share.

Here the soul Herd, flee from his lifted hand,
 That long had made a Stable of the Land.
 The Monster of the Lough, new *Lerna*-Plague
 (But scarce in head) the Bog-bottom *Teague*.
 The ravenous kind, the Harpyes sharp for prey,
 With Birds obscene, and uncouth to the day.
 No Den, no Ditch, no rousting for 'em more,
 Now, now is come our *Hercules* ashore.
 Vile Fraud dispell'd, and Superstitious Mists:
 He from our Temple drives all knavish Priests.
 Then warmer *Wallop*, in due Scarlet shown,
 To Coffee *Dick* bequeaths his rusty Gown.
 Oh *Dryden*, if this *Hercules* were thine,
 How wou'd his Club, and *Atlas* shoulders shine:
 How wou'd't thou all our Maids of Honor fright,
 With naughty Tale, of Fifty in a night?
 Howe'er, no more let *Xavier* mar thy Pen,
 No Miracle to Forty thousand Men.

When Law, and bald Divinity begins,
 Why then, the marvel that a Poet sins?

DIALOGUE.

M. **W**HY am I daily thus perplext?
 Why beyond Womans patience vex?
 Your spurious Issue grow and thrive;
 While mine are dead ere well alive:
 If they survive a nine days wonder,
 Suspicious Tongues aloud do thunder;
 And streight accuse my Chastity,
 For your damn'd Insufficiency:
 You meet my love with no desire,
 My Altar damps your feeble fire:
 Though I have infinite more Charms,
 Than all you e'er took to your Arms,
 The Priest at th' Altar bows to me;
 When I appear he bends the knee.
 His Eyes are on my Beauties fixt,
 His Pray'rs to Heav'n and Me are mixt;
 Confusedly he tells his Beads,
 Is out both when he prays and reads.

I travel'd farther for your Love
 Than *Sheba's* Queen, I'll fairly prove;
 She from the South, 'tis said did come,
 And I as far from East did come.
 But here the diff'rence does arise,
 Though equally we sought the Prize;
 What that great Queen desir'd she gain'd,
 But I soon found your Treasury drain'd,
 Your Veins corrupted in your Youth,
 'Tis said Experience tells this Truth;
 Though I had caution long before
 Of that which I too late deplore.
 F. Pray Madam, let me silence break,
 As I have you, now hear me speak.

These stories sure must please you well,
 You're apt so often them to tell.
 If you'll smooth your Brow a while,
 And turn that Pout into a Smile,
 Doubt not but to make't appear,
 That you the great'st Aggressor are.
 I took you with an empty Purse,
 Which was to me no trivial Curse.
 No Dowry could your Parents give;
 They'd but a Competence to live.
 When you appear'd, your charming Eyes
 As you relate) did me surprize,
 With Wonder, not with Admiration,
 Astonishment, but no Temptation:
 Nor did I see in all your frame,
 Might could create an amorous flame,
 Or raise the least Desire in me,
 Live only for Variety,
 Repaid such service as was due,
 Worthy my self, and worthy you:
 Rarest'd you far above the rate
 Both of your Birth, and your Estate.
 When soon I found your haughty mind
 As unto Sov'reignty inclin'd;
 And first you practis'd over me
 The heavy Yoke of Tyranny,
 While I your Property was made,
 And you, not I, was still obey'd:
 Nor durst I call my Soul my own,
 You manag'd me as if I'd none.
 I took such measures as you gave,
 All day your Fool, all night your Slave.
 Nor wae Ambition bounded here,
 You still resolv'd your course to steer:
 All that oppose you, you remove;
 And was much you'd own the Powers above.
 Now several Stratagems you try,
 And I'm in all forc'd to comply.
 To Mother Church you take recourse,
 He tells you 't must be done by force;
 And you, impatient of delay,
 Contrive and execute the way.
 When mounted to the place you sought,
 At no Contentment with it brought:
 One Tree within your prospect stood
 Fairest and tallest of the Wood:
 Which to your Prospect gave offence,
 And it must be remov'd from thence.
 In this you also are obey'd,
 While all the Fault on me is laid.
 Now you was quiet for a while,
 As flattering Weather seems to smile,
 And ill buzzing Beetles of the Night,
 Had found fresh matter for your spite,
 And set to work your busie Brain,
 Which took Fire quickly from their Train.
 Some wise, some valiant, you remove,
 Cause they your Maxims don't approve:

And in their stead such Creatures place,
 Which to th' Employments brings disgrace:
 While whatsoe'er you do I own,
 And still the dirt on me is thrown.

Strait new Chimera's fill your Brain,
 The humming Beetles buz again;
 A Goal-delivery now must be,
 All tender Consciences set free;
 Not out of Zeal, but pure Design
 To make Dissenters with us joyn
 To pull down Test and Penal Laws,
 The Bulwark of the Hereticks Cause.
 The fly Dissenters laugh the while,
 They see where lurks the Serpents guile;
 And rather than with us comply,
 Will on our Enemies rely.
 The Chieftains of the Protestant Cause,
 We did confine, though 'gainst the Laws;
 But soon was glad to let 'em free,
 Fearing the giddy Moblie.

Now all is turning upside down,
 Loud Murmurings in every Town;
 We've Foes abroad, and Foes at home,
 Armies and Fleets against us come:
 The Protestants do laugh the while,
 And the Dissenters sneer and smile;
 But no assistance either sends;
 They're neither Enemies nor Friends.

Now pray conclude what must be done,
 Consult your Oracle of ROME,
 For next fair Wind before they come.

L A M P O O N S.

Over the Lord D---rs Door.

U Nhappy Age, and we in it,
 When Truth doth go for Treason;
 Every Blockhead's Will for Law,
 And Coxcombs Sense for Reason.
 Religion's made a Band of State,
 To serve the Pimps and Panders,
 Our Liberty a Prison Gate,
 And *Irish-men* Commanders.
 O wretched is our Fate!
 What dangers do we run,
 We must be wicked to be great,
 And to be Just, undone.
 'Tis thus our Sovereign keeps his word,
 And makes the Nation Great;
 To *Irish-men* he trusts the Sword,
 To *Jesuits* the State.

Over the Lord S---rys Door.

IF Cecil the Wise,
From the Grave should arise,
And look his fat Beast in the Face,
He'd take him from Mass,
And turn him to Grass.
And swear he was none of his Race.

To the Speaking-Head.

I'M come my future Fate to seek,
Speak then, Cœlestial Block-head, speak.
Answer.

Had'st thou not consulted with the Witch at Rome,
Thou need'st not thus, like Saul, to Endor come
To seek out (Brother Solid-head) thy doom,
The Hearts of all thy Faiends are gone :
Gazing they stand, and grieving round thy Throne,
And scarce believe thou art the Martyrs Son.
Those whom thou favourest, merit not thy Grace ;
They, to their Interest, Sacrifice thy Peace.
And will in sorrow make thee end thy days.
Tempt not thy Fate too far, do not rely
On force or fraud ; why should'st thou Monarch, why,
Live unbelov'd, and unlamented dye.

The Ghost.

A Papist dy'd, as 'twas *Jehovah's* will,
And his poor Soul went trudging down to Hell !
Where, when he did arrive, just at the Entry,
He found a Massive Devil standing Centry,
With flaming Eyes, and Face as black as Soot,
A Musqueteer with a great Cloven Foot :
And who goes there ? I, a poor Papist Ghost,
That's come to dwell upon the *Sygyian* Coast.
Stay where you are, and do not press so hard,
For I must call the Captain of the Guard ;
He gave me Orders to let none come in,
But only such as should have leave from him.
The Captain call'd, accordingly came forth,
A Devil of Integrity and worth :
Who all in noblest Scarlet being drest,
With a most delicate fine embroider'd Vest,
He asks the Ghost, with a great voice, as loud
As mighty Thunder, breaking from a Cloud,
What was the business ? Sir, I'm come to dwell,
If you will please to give me leave, in Hell.
Damn you, you whoreson Dog, said he to him,
I love my Master, and you shan't come in :
For if above you Eat your God. I fear,
Should you come in, you'd eat the Devil here.

A Dialogue between a Loyal Addressor, and Blunt Whiggish Clown.

UNgratefull Wretch ! Canst thou pretend a cause
To fear the loss of Liberty and Laws ?
Has not the King been at a vast expence
To raise the gallant Troops in thy Defence ?
Did he not promise in a Proclamation,
To rule by Law at's Coronation ?

Clown. But has he not already damn'd the Test ?
And sure that Princes word is but a jest,
Who rules an Army, and obeys a Priest ;
Nor can his solemn Oath make us much safer :
His Sword is Steel, his God is but a Wafer.

The Hieroglyphick.

COME Painter take a Prospect from this Hill,
And on a well-spread Canvas shew thy Skill:
Draw all in Colours as they shall appear,
And as they stand in merit place them there.
Draw, as the Heralds do, a spacious Field ;
And, as directed, so let that be fill'd.
First, draw a *Popish* Army brisk and gay,
Fighting, and beat, destroy'd, and run away.
Then draw a Hearse, and let it stand in view ;
The Mourners more, far more than they'r in shew,
Cursing their Fate, their Stars, and in that fear,
Shew, if thou canst, how these damn'd *Sots* prepar
To run, or stay and skulk in holes alone ;
By them this Motto, *Gallows claim thy own*.
Now, to the Life, let thy brisk Pencil shew
Distinctly what they are, and what's their due.
Now draw a crowd of *Priests* prepar'd to run,
Like broken Merchants when their stock is gone ;
Some howling out their Prayers forget and say,
Save us St. *Ketch* : Are all our Sants away ?
Draw 'em in hurry, running to and fro,
Posting to *Dover, Portsmouth, Tyburn* too.
Next draw a crowd of Lords. This Label by,
The great Design is lost. Alas, they cry,
Who'd serve a Cause of such curst destiny.
Now draw four *Priests*, shew how they *Rome* adore
And each Man's Scarf hang to be seen before.
Two brace of Bishops, fallen to despair,
Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, but running Gods knows where.
Now shew the Judges, and with them thy Skill,
That all who see it done may say, 'Tis well ;
In Caps and Gowns, as they in order fate
'Twixt Heaven and Earth do thou them elevate :
For their grave Noddles can dispence with that.

draw the little Rogues, the scoundrel Crew,
Knaves, & Beggars, they must have their due,
bury, Butler, ay and R--- too.

hidst this croud, on a fit spot of Land,
crown the Work, let a large Gallows stand :
trembling by, arm'd with their guilt and fears,
bel to this Image, and pour out their Prayers.
And then dye by Suffocation.

To the respective Judges.

Ignif'd things, may I your leaves implore,
To kiss your hands, and your high heads adore,
ages you are, but you are something more.
ay I draw near, and with rough hew'd Pen,
ave a small draught of you, the worst of Men :
all of your Merits, and your mighty Skill,
nd how your Charms all Courts of Justice fill,
ur Laws, far stronger than the *Commons Votes*,
finely flows from your *Dispensing Throats*.
hat *Rome* will ask, you must not her deny :
ell command you too, you must comply.
ere's none but you would in this Cause combine,
ings made like Men, but act like Brutes and Swine.
w Books are trash, a Student he's a drudge :
arn to say, Yes, he's an accomplish'd Judge ;
wins the Scarlet Robe, and wears it too :
and deserves it well, for more's his due ;
that compleats a Traytor dwells in you.
us you like Villains to the Benches get,
d, in defiance to the Laws, you sit,
d all base actions that will please commit :
ere must you toil for *Rome*, and also try
ur *Irish* Sense and Cobweb Policy,
mpleat your Crimes ; and then you'r fit to die.
e Loyal Babes ! Pimps to the Church of *Rome*.
ilsan's Heirs : Heirs to his Crimes and doom.
s ere the Hall fill'd up with such a Brood,
dipt in Treason, Villanies or Blood :
rse than *Fanatick* Priests : for they being prest
a wise Prince, Preach'd to *Repeal the Test*.
en here's the difference, 'twixt you *Popish* Tools,
'r downright Rogues : they, only Knaves & Fools.

To TYBURN.

L D Reverend *Tripes* Guardian of the Law,
Sacred to Justice, Treasons greatest awe ;
thou decide the Nation's weighry cause,
judge between the Judges and the Laws ;
shall no guiltless blood thy Timber e're pollute,
righteous Laws shall vouch all thou shalt execute.

The A D V I C E.

WOULD you be famous and renound in Story,
And after having run a Stage of Glory,
Go straight to Heaven, and not to Purgatory :

This is the time.

Would you surrender your Dispensing Power,
And send the *Western* Hangman to the Tower,
From whence he'll find it difficult to scowre :

This, &c.

Would you send Father *Pen*, and Father *Lob*,
Assisted by the Poet Laureat *Squab*,
To teach obedience passive to the Mobb :

This, &c.

Would you let Reverend Father *Peters* know,
What thanks the Church of *England* to him owe
For favours past, he did on them bestow :

This, &c.

Would you with expedition send away
Those foul dim Lights made Bishops t'other day,
To Convert *Indians* in *America* :

This, &c.

Would you the rest of the Bald-pated Train
No longer flatter with thin hopes of Gain,
But send them to *St. Omers* back again :

This, &c.

Would you (instead of holding Birchen Tool)
Send *Pulton* to be lash'd at *Busby's* School,
That he in Print no longer play the Fool :

This, &c.

Would you that *Jack of all Religions* scare,
Bid him for Hanging speedily prepare,
That *Harry H---s* may visit *Harry Care* ;

This, &c.

Would you let *Ireland* no more fear *Macdonnel*,
And all the Rabble under *Philem O Neale*,
And *Clarendon* again succeed *Tyrconnel* ;

This, &c.

Would you Court Ear-wiggs banish from your Ears,
Those Carpet Knights, and Interested Peers,
And rid the Kingdoms from impending fears ;

This, &c.

Would you at once make all the *Hogan Mogans* yield,
And be at once that Terroure and our Shield,
And not appear by Proxy in the Field ;

This, &c.

Would you no more a Womans Counsel take,
But love your Kingdoms for your Kiugdoms sake,
Make Subjects love, and Enemies to quake ;

This, &c.

On the Q---'s Conception.

YE Catholick Statesmen, and Churchmen rejoyce,
And praise Heavens Goddess with Heart and
with Voice,]

None

None greater on Earth or in Heaven than shee,
 Some say, she's as good as the best of three;
 Her miracles bold,
 VVere famous of old,
 But a braver than this was never yet told;
 'Tis pity that every Catholick living
 Had not heard on't before the last day of Thanksgiving.

II.

In *Lombardy* Land great *Modena's* Dutchess,
 Was snatcht from her Empire by deaths cruel clutches,
 VVhen to Heaven she came (for thither she went)
 Each Angel receiv'd her with joy and content,
 On her Knees she fell down—
 Before the bright Throne [Boone,
 And beg'd that God's Mother wou'd grant her one
 Give *England* a Son in this critical point,
 To put little *Orange's* Nose out of Joynt.

III.

As soon as our Lady had heard her Petition,
 To *Gabriel* the Angel she straight gave Commission,
 She pluck't off her Smock from her Shoulders Divine
 And charg'd him to hasten to *Englands* fair Queen;
 Goe to th^e Royal Dame
 To Give her the same,

And bid her for ever to praise my great Name;
 For I in her favour will work such a wonder
 Shall keep the most insolent Heretick under.

IV.

Tell *James* (my best Son) his part of the matter
 VVill be with this onely to cover my Daughter;
 Let him put it upon her with his own Royal Hand,
 Then let him go Travel and visit the Land:

And the Spirit of love
 Shall descend from above,

Though not as before in the shape of a Dove;
 Yet down he shall come in some shape or other,
 Perhaps like Count *Dada* and make her a Mother:

V.

This message with Hearts full of Faith was received,
 And the next News we heard was *Q. Mary* conceived,
 You great ones converted; poor cheated Dissenters,
 Grave Judges, Lords, Bishops, and common Consenters,
 You Commissioners all
 Ecclesiastical,

From *M---ve* the doubtful to *Chester* the Tall,
 Pray Heaven to strengthen her Majesty's Placker,
 For if this trick fail then beware of their Jacket.

A New SONG.

HO Brother *Teague* dost hear de Decree,
 Lil-li Burlero Bullen a-la,
 Dat we shall have a new Debittie,
 Li-li Bur-le-ro Bullen a-la,
 Le-ro, Le-ro, Le-ro, Le-ro, Li-li Bur-le-ro, Bullen a-la,
 Lero, Lero, &c.

Ho by my Shoul it is a T---t,
 Lilli Burlero, &c.
 And he will Cut all de *English* T---t,
 Lilli, &c.
 Lero, Lero, &c.
 Lero, Lero, &c.

Though by shoul de *English* do Prat,
 Lilli,
 De Laws on dare side, and *Chreist* knows what,
 Lilli, &c.
 Lero, Lero, &c.
 Lero, Lero, &c.

But if Dispence do come from de Pope,
 Lilli, &c.
 VVeel hang *Magna Charta* and demselves in a Rope
 Lilli, &c.
 Lero, Lero, &c.
 Lero, Lero, &c.

And the good T---t is made a Lord,
 Lilli, &c.
 And he with brave Lads is coming aboard,
 Lilli, &c.
 Lero, Lero, &c.
 Lero, Lero, &c.

VVho! all in *France* have taken a fwear,
 Lilli, &c.
 Dat day will have no Protestant h---r,
 Lilli, &c.
 Lero, Lero, &c.
 Lero, Lero, &c.

O but why does he stay behind,
 Lilli, &c.
 Ho be my Shoul 'tis a Protestant wind,
 Lilli, &c.
 Lero, Lero, &c.

Now T---l is come a shore,
 Lilli, &c.
 And we shall have Commissions gillore,
 Lilli, &c.
 Lero, Lero, &c.

And he dat will not go to M---s,
 Lilli, &c.
 Shall turn out and look like an As,
 Lilli, &c.
 Lero, Lero, &c.

Now now de Hereticks all go down,
 Lilli, &c.
 By *Chreist* and *St. Patrick* the Nation's our own,
 Lilli, &c.
 Lero, Lero, &c.

A New Song of an Orange.

That excellent Old Tune of a *Pudding*, &c.

GOOD People come buy
The Fruit that I cry,
at now is in Season, tho' Winter is nigh,
'Twill do you all good,
And sweeten your Blood,
sure it will please you when once understood
'Tis an Orange.

Its Cordial Juice
Do's much Vigor produce,
may well recommend it to every man's use ;
Tho' some it quite chills,
And with fear almost kills,
certain each honest man benefit feels
by an Orange.

To make Claret go down,
Sometimes there is found
holly good Health to pass pleasantly round :
But yet I'll protest,
Without any Jest,
flavour is better than that of the tast
of an Orange.

Perhaps you may think
At *White H*— they stink,
cause that our Neighbours come over the Sea,
Yet sure 'tis presum'd
That they may be perfum'd
the scent of a Clove when once it is stuck
in an Orange.

If they'd cure the ails
Of the P— of *Wa*—
then the *Milk of Milch Tyler* does not well agree,
Though he's subject to cast
They may better the tast,
let 'em take heed lest it Curdle at last
with an Orange.

Old Stories rehearse
In Prose and in Verse,
now a *Welsh Child* was found by *loving of Cheese*,
So this will be known
If it be the Q—s own ;
r the tast it utterly then will disown
of an Orange.

Though the Mobile bawl,
Like the Devil and all,
r Religion, Property, Justice and Laws ;
Yet in very good sooth
I'll tell you the truth,
here nothing is better to stop a mans mouth
than an Orange.

We are certainly told
That by *Adam* of old
Himself and his Bears for an Apple was sold ;
And who knows but his Son
By Serpents undone,
And his Jugling *Eve* may chance lose her own
for an Orange.

The ORANGE.

1. GOOD People I pray
Throw the Orange away,
'Tis a very sower Fruit, and was first brought in play
When good *Judith Wilk*
In her Pocket brought Milk,
And with Cushions and Warming-pans labour'd to bilk
this fame Orange.

2. VVhen the Army retreats
And the Parliament sits
To vote our K— the true use of his VVits :
'Twill be a sad means
VVhen all he obtain's
Is to have his Calves-head dress'd with other mens Brains,
and an Orange.

3. The sins of his Youth
Made him think of one Truth, (mouth,
VVhen he spawl'd from his Lungs, and bled twice at the
That your fresh sort of Food
Does his Carcase more good,
And the damn'd thing that cur'd his putrified blood
was an Orange.

4. This hopeful young Son
Is surely his own
Because from O— it cry'd to be gone,
But the Hereticks say
He was got by Da—
For neither K— nor the Nuncio dare stay
near an Orange.

5. Since *Lewis* was cut
From his Breech to the Gut,
France fancies an Open-arse delicate Fruit,
VVe wiser than so
Have too strings to our bow
For we've a good Q— that's an Open-arse too,
and an Orange.

6. Till *Nanny* writ much
To the Rebels the D—
Her Mother, good VVoman, ne're ow'd her a grutch,
And the box of the Ear
Made the matter appear,
That the only foul flavour the Q— could not bear
was an Orange.

7. An honest old Peer
That forsook God last year,
Pull'd off all his Plasters, and Arm'd for the VVar ;
But

But his Arms would not do,
And his Aches throb'd too,
That he wish'd his own Pox and his M---s too
on an Orange

8. Old Tyburn must groan,
For *Jeffreys* is known
To have perjur'd his Conscience to marry his Son;
And D---s Cause
Will be try'd by just Laws,
And *Herbert* must taste a most damnable Sauce
with an Orange

9. *Lob, Penn*, and a score
Of those honest men more
Will find this same Orange exceedingly sowre;
The Q--- to be seiz'd
Will be very ill pleas'd,
And so will K--- *Pippin*, too dry to be squeez'd
by an Orange.

Religious Reliques; Or, The SALE at the *SAVOR*; Upon the JESUITS breaking up their SCHOOL and CHAPPEL.

[1]
LAST Sunday, by chance,
I Encounter'd with *Prance*,
That Man of Upright Conyerfation,
Who told me such News,
That I cou'd not chuse
But laugh at his sad Declaration.

[2]
Says he, if you'll go
You shall see such a show
Of Reliques expos'd to be sold,
Which from Sin and Disease
Will purge all that please
To lay out their Silver and Gold.

[3]
Straight with him I went,
Being zealously bent,
Where for Sixpence the Man let me in,
But the Crowd was so great,
I was all in a sweat
Before the rare show did begin.

[4]
The Curtain being drawn,
Which I think was of Lawn,
The *PRIEST* cross'd himself thrice, and bow'd;
Then with a fow Face,
Denoting his Case,
He address'd himself thus to the Crowd.

[5]
You see our sad State,
'Tis a folly to prate,
Our Church and our Cause is a-ground;
So in shoft, if you've Gold,
Here is to be sold
For a Guinny the worty of Ten Pound.

[6]
Here's St. *James*'s old Bottle.
It holds just a Pottle,
With the Pilgrims Habit he wore;
The same Scollop shells,
As our Holy Church tells,
VVho denies it's a Son of a W---

[7]
Here's a piece of the Bag,
By Age turn'd to a Rag,
In which *Judas* the Money did bear;
VVith a part of his Rope,
Bequeath'd to the *POPE*,
As an Antidote 'gainst all despair.

[8]
Here's a Rib of St. *Laurence*,
'Tis also at *Florence*,
And it may be in *France*, or in *Spain*;
It cures Stone and Gravel,
And VVomen in Travel
It delivers without any pain.

[9]
Here's St. *Joseph*'s old Coat,
Though scarce worth a Groat,
Its plainness does shew he'd no Pride;
Yet this he had on,
For besides it he'd none,
The day that he marry'd his Bride.

[10]
His Breeches are there,
A plain Leather pair,
Come buy the whole Suit if you please;
They'll defend you from th' Itch,
From Hag and from VVitch,
And preserve you from Bugs and from Fleas.

[11]
Here's the Gall of a Saint,
For such as do faint,
Or are troubled with Fits of the Mother;
Nay, if your breath stink,
VVorse than Close-stool or Sink,
It will cure you as soon as the other.

[12]
Here's a Prayer of Pope *John*,
The like to't is none,
If you say it but three times a year;
Three hundred in grace,
And three hundred 'twill place
In Heaven, if they ever come there.

[13]

Here's our Lady's old Shoe,
Which in Old-time was new,
Will cure all your Kibes and your Corns;
With the Coif of St. Bridget,
To be worn by each Idior,
Whose Head is tormented with Horns.

[14]

Here's a Bottle of Tears,
Preserv'd many years,
Mary's that once was a Sinner;
Some o'th' Fish and the Bread
That the Five Thousand fed,
Which our Saviour invited to Dinner.

[15]

Here's St. Francis own Cord,
You may tak't on my word,
Who dies in it cannot be damn'd;
Do but buy it, and try,
If I tell you a lye,
My Thousands of Heaven are sham'm'd.

[16]

Here's his Holiness's Beard,
Of whom ye have heard,
Of the Hereticks called Pope Joan,
Yet this I dare swear
Was his natural Hair,
Else I'll be sworn he had none.

[17]

Its virtue is such
That if it does touch
Your Head, your Face, or elsewhere,
It does strait-way restore
More than e'er was before,
Enough by Age or by Action worn bare.

[18]

Here's St. Christopher's Boot,
For his Right Leg and Foot
Which he wore when he ply'd at the Ferry,
When on's Shoulders he bore
His Blessed Lord o're,
The poor Man had never a VVherry.

[19]

Such as sail on the Seas,
I am sure it will please,
Its parallel never was found;
Neither Tempest nor Storm
Can e're do 'em harm,
Is't possible they shou'd be drown'd.

[20]

Here's infinite more
I have by me in store,
Which lie conceal'd in this Hamper;
Either buy 'em to day,
Or I'll throw 'em away,
To-morrow, by Heaven, I'll scamper.

[21]

Our Market is done
VVe must shut up at Noon,
VVe expect 'em each hour at the Door;
VVe are hang'd if we stay,
VVe can't get away,
For none will nor dare carry us o're.

[22]

But by th' Faith of a PRIEST,
This is no time to jest,
Since we're baulk'd in our great Expectation:
Before I will swing
Like a Dog in a string,
I'll renounce the Transubstantiation.

BALLAD.

To the Tune of *Couragio*.

[1]

Come, come, great Orange, come away
On thy August Voyagio:
The Church and State admit no stay,
And Protestants wou'd once more say
Couragio, Couragio, Couragio.

[2]

Stand East, dear VVind, till they arrive
On their design'd Voyagio,
And let each Noble Soul alive
Cry loud, Qu'il Prince d' Aurange vive!
Couragio, &c.

[3]

Look sharp, and see the Glorious Fleet
Appear in their Voyagio!
VVith loud Huzza's we will them greet,
And with both Arms and Armies meet;
Couragio, &c.

[4]

Then, welcome to our English shore:
And now I will Engage—o:
VVe'll thump the Babylonish VVhore,
And kick her Trump'ries out of Door:
Couragio, &c.

[5]

Poor Berwick, how will thy Dear-Joys
Oppose this brave Voyagio?
Thy tallest Sparks will be mere Toys
To Brandenburg and Sweedish Boys:
Couragio, &c.

[6]

Dunbarton sputters now like mad,
Against this great Voyagio;
Old Craven too in Sable's clad;
And Feverham looks monstrous fad;
Couragio, &c.

But

[7]
 But *Solmes* has took a Glorious Cause
 In this warlike *Voyagio*,
 To guard us from their ravening Paws,
 And to protect our Lives and Laws;
Couragio, &c.

[8]
Nassaw will ridicule the Fop
 By this *Belgic* *Voyagio*,
 And make their gawdy Feathers drop;
 Their Slaughter's but a Harvest-Crop,
Couragio, &c.

[9]
Stirum, advance the *Buda* Blades
 Thou'st brought in this *Voyagio*:
 And, since thy *Lawrel* never fades,
 Send our Foes to the *Stygian* shades;
Couragio, &c.

[10]
Schomberg thunders Hero-like
 In this Stormy *Voyagio*;
 His very Name does horror strike,
 And will slay more than Gun or Pike;
Couragio, &c.

[11]
 Thus they the Victory will gain,
 After their brave *Voyagio*;
 And all our Liberties maintain,
 And settle Church and State again;
Couragio, &c.

[12]
 Then 'twill be Just, and no Extream,
 To see by this *Voyagio*,
 That *Wem* should have th' effect of's Dream
 For driving headlong with the Stream;
Couragio, &c.

[13]
 The Judges too, that Traytors be,
 Must trust by this *Voyagio*;
 'Twill be a Noble Sight, to see
 Dispensing Scarlet on a Tree;
Couragio, &c.

[14]
 The Monks away full swift will hie
 On their dismal *Voyagio*:
 Ten pounds a Post-horse then they cry,
 And all away to *Calis* fly;
Couragio, &c.

[15]
Sunderland has shot the Pit
 And is on his *Voyagio*;
 D'ada must no more hatching sit;
 And *Petre* too the Board must quit;
Couragio, &c.

[16]
 Old *Arundel* does hang his Ears
 Because of this *Voyagio*;

And *Miser Powis* stews in Tears;
Bellasis roars, and damns, and swears;
Couragio, &c.

[17]
 VWhen all is done, we then shall hope
 To see by this *Voyagio*,
 No more Nuncio, no more Pope,
 Except it be to have a Rope;
Couragio, Couragio, Couragio.

Private Occurrences;

*Or, the Transactions of the four last Years,
 Written in Imitation of the old Ballad
 of Hey brave Oliver, Ho brave Oli-
 ver, &c.*

1.
 A Protestant Muse, yet a lover of Kings:
 On th' Age, grown a little Satyrical, sings,
 Of *Papists*, their Counsels, and other fine things.
*Sing hey brave Popery, ho rare Popery, oh fine Popery,
 Oh dainty Popery, oh.*

2.
 She hopes she offends no *Englishman's* patience;
 Though Satyrs forbid on all such occasions,
 She's too good a Subject to Read Declarations.
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

3.
 If the saying be good, of *L t him laugh that Wins*,
 Sure a Loser may smile without any offence:
 My Muse then is gamefom, and thus she begins:
With hey brave Popery, &c.

4.
 When *Ch*---deceas'd, to his Kingdoms dismay,
 By an *Appolex*, or else some other way:
 Our Brother with shouts was proclaim'd the same day.
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

5.
 His first Royal Promise was never to touch
 Our Rights, nor Religion, nor Priviledge grutch:
 But *Pet*--- swore Damn him, he granted too much.
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

6.
 Then *Mon*--- came in with an Army of Fools:
 Betray'd by his Cuckold, and other dull Tools
 That painted the Turf of Green *Segmore* with Gules.
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

7.
 That Victory gotten, some think to our wrong:
 The Priests braid out Joy in a Thanksgiving Song,
 And *Teague* with the Bald-pates were at it ding dong.
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

8.

Then straight a strong Army was levy'd in hast,
To hinder Rebellion; a very good Jest;
For some Rogues will swear 'twas to Murder the Test,
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

9.

A Politique Law which Recusants did doom;
That into our Senate they never might come;
But Equivalent since, was propos'd in its Room.
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

10.

As if a True Friend should in Kindness demand
A Tooth in my Head, which firmly doth stand,
To give for't another he had in his hand,
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

11.

Then Term after Term, this great Matter was weigh'd,
Old Judges turn'd out, and new Block---ds made:
That Cook or wise Littleton never did read.
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

12.

The good Church of England with speed was run down,
Whose Loyalty ever stood fast to the Crown
And Presbyter John was made Mayor of the Town.
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

13.

The Bishops Disgrace made the Clergy to sob:
A Prey to Old Pet--- and President Bob:
And hurried to Prison as if they did rob.
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

14.

Then into the World, a Dear P--- of W--- slipt.
'Twas plain, for we hear a great Minister peep'd.
The Bricklayer for prating had like t'a bin whip'd.
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

15.

Thus Englands Distresses more fierce than the Plague,
That during three Years, of no Quiet could brag.
The Prince van Aursignia has brought from the Hague.
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

16.

A strong Fléet and Army t' invade us are bent,
We know not the Cause, tho' there is something in't,
But we doubt not, e'er long we shall see it in Print.
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

17.

Ah England, that never couldst value thy peace:
Had matters been now as in *Elisabeth's* Days,
The Dutch had ne'r ventur'd to fish in our Seas.
Then Curse of Popery. pox o' Popery, plague o' Popery.
Oh Senceless Popery, oh.

Protestantism Reviv'd:

O R T H E

Persecuted Church Triumphant.

I N Sable weeds I saw a Matron clad,
Whose Looks were grave, whose Countenance was
Pensive with Care, she musing fate alone, (sate;
Her State, too too unhappy, to bemoan:
Deep bitter pangs I saw her undergo,
And pay the tributary Drops of woe.
So wept *Deucalion* when he saw the State
And Face of Nature chang'd and desolate.
By this dumb Elegy a while sh' exprest
The gloomy Sorrows of her troubled Breast.
Then heaving up her Head, the silence broke,
And with a heavy sigh dejected spoke.

Good God! what Grief furrounds my aged Head! }
What new distracting woes I daily wed! }
Who am by spitefull Foes in Triumph led:
They pierce my side with wounds, they break my rest,
And snatch my sucking Children from my Breast:
My elder Sons inhumanely they treat,
My weaker ones they bubble with Deceit.
Thus they insult, thus put me to Disgrace,
And spit their frothy Venom in my Face:
My growing sorrows to compleat the more,
I'm flouted by a Babylonish Whore.
Put me to death they can't since Heav'n decreed, }
I must not dye, though with my Saviour bleed, }
But humbly should in after-times succeed:
What most my anxious Soul tormented hath,
Is He that should defend, betrays my Faith.
Thus, thus abus'd, I'm to all Grievs betray'd,
Thus my Delights are double Sorrows made.
Who e'er was curb'd by such a Concubine?
Who so perplex? was ever grief like mine?

Then she bow'd down her Head, and with her Tears
Bedew'd the parched Earth: when streight appears.
A Comforter by pitying Heaven sent
To raise her drooping Spirits, almost spent.
Who when he had respectfull Homage paid,
In terms obliging reverently said.

Mother, I know the cause of all thy Grief,
I'm sent thy Succour, and thy true Relief:
Thy God has heard thy Sighs, thy faithful Prayers,
And graciously receiv'd thy flowing Tears:
I'll wipe them off, I'll rugged Grief expell,
And usual Joy shall in thy Count'nance dwell:
I've made thy haughty Domineers bow,
And own their Lives, they to my bounty owe:

I've

I've foil'd them all, I have disarm'd them quite,
They have the power to bark, but not to bite,
To ease your pain by th' God of Heav'n I'm sent,
He acts, and I'm the Honour'd Instrument.

Then she arose, Joy smiling in her Eye,
And with a cheerful Voice did thus reply:
Thanks Gracious God, thanks thou Victorious Son,
By whom I have my wonted Glory won:
Rejoyce my Sons, and *Hallelujahs* sing
Unto our Saviour, our Triumphant King.
For I an Anthem will compose, and then,
We'll sweetly sound it to our God. *Amen.*

The OBSERVATOR.

*Or the History of Hodge, as reported by some
from his siding with Noll, and scribbling for
Rome.*

STand forth thou grand Impostor of our time
The Nations Scandal, Punishment and Crime;
Unjust Usurper of ill gotten praise,
Unmatch'd by all but thy lew'd Brother Bays;
How well have you your sev'ral Gallants chose,
Damnably to plague the World in Verse and Prose.
Like two twin Comets: when you do appear
We justly may suspect some danger near.
He lately did under correction pass,
Honour'd by that great hand that gave the Lash,
A doom too glorious for that curst head,
And unproportion'd to the Life he led,
But you are to a viler fate design'd,
To suffer by a vulgar hand like mine,
We'll tear your Visar and unmask your shame,
And at each corner Gibbet up your name.
Expose you to the scorn of all you meet,
As Dogs drag grinning Cats about the Street.
Under usurping *Noll* you first began
To rear your head and shew your self a Man,
Unpitying saw the Royal party fall,
And danc'd, and fiddled to the Funeral;
Disclaim'd their interest and renounc'd their side,
And with the Independant straight comply'd;
Officious in their Service, wrote for hire,
A brisk Crowdero in the Factious Quire:
Your nimble Pen on all their Errants run;
The Horoscope still opens to the Sun.
There 'twas in those unhappy days,
You laid foundation for designed praise,
By disrespect ignobly purchas'd shame,
And damn'd your Soul to scandalize your Name:
When *Charles* at length by Providence came in,
You fac'd about and quickly chang'd the Scene;
Tun'd to new Notes your mercenary strings;
Began to play Divinity of Kings:
Your former Master straightway is forgot,
Stil'd Villain, Rogue, Thief, Murderer, what not?

Such recompence he doth deserve to have,
Who for his interest durst employ a Knave,
Now 'twas a time you thought to take your ease,
After such great Exploits perform'd as these:
Applauding to your self your own deserts,
You straight set up for a vain Ass of parts;
Resolving that the Ladies too should know,
What other Tricks and Gambals you could doe.
Was there a skipping Whore about the Town?
Or private Bawdy-house to you unknown?
Here for a Stallion, there for a Pimp you went,
To doe both drudgeries alike content.
Till fair *J---a B---m* possess'd your Eyes
Whom you with powerful Guinea's did surprize,
And spent her Husbands pay betwixt her Thighs:
The crafty Cuckold winkt at the deceit,
For who e're lost he was sure to get.
But worse success you had with Madam *C---k*,
Whom in the very act her Husband took.
Strong *Bastinado* o're your shoulders laid,
Made you a while surcease that lecherous trade,
Till growing old in customary sin,
You with a chaster Lady did begin,
Whom when you found she all assaults refus'd,
And would not yield her self to be abus'd;
Down on your Knees you presently was laid,
And thus (O Righteous Heaven) devoutly pray'd:
Since you disdain the kind request to grant,
Dear Madam let me lay my hand upon't.
This is the Man whose whole Discourse and Tone,
Is Honour, Justice, Truth, Religion,
Was such a godly Rascal ever known?
But now reform'd by indigence of Gold,
Your former wanton courle grew slack and cold,
For 'twas indeed at first too hot to hold.
Now new expedients must employ your Brain,
And other methods for advance of gain,
Something contriv'd in private touch'd the State,
Which made you timely think of a retreat;
Beyond Sea then the wretched Caitiff flies
A guilty Conscience has quick sighted eyes.
When you return'd you fell to work amain,
And took up your old scribbling trade again.
Some sorry scandal on Fanaticks thrown,
And viler canting upon Forty one;
You thought sufficient to oblige the Crown;
Then who but you the world was all your own.
Now for the Church of *England* you declare,
A witty zealous Protestant appear;
Your secret Spies and Emisseries use,
To pay for false intelligence and news:
When nam'd into Diurnals you dispence
Equally void of Reason, Truth, and Sense.
Guinea's now from every quarter came
To pay respect to your encreasing fame,
While you at *Sams* like a grave Doctor sate,
Teaching the Minor Clergy how to prate,

Who lickt your Spittle up and then came down,
 And shed the nasty Drivle o're the Town.
 Ay these were blessed times and happy days,
 When all the world conspired to your praise:
 He who refused and would no Token send
 Must be traduc'd as the Dissenters Friend:
 And that your Greatness no regard might lack,
 You got a Knighthood chopt upon your back.
 But something now has stop'd that rapid stream,
 And you have nothing more to say for them:
 Your piercing Eye discovers from afar,
 The glittering glory of some further Star,
 Which bids you pay your adoration there. }
 Inconstant Rover, whither dost thou tend?
 VVhen will thy tedious Villanies have end?
 VVhither at last dost thou design to goe? }
 Of which party wilt thou e're prove true?
 To Turk, or Pope, to Protestant, or Jew? }
 Should I here all thy Villanies recount,
 To what a mighty sum do they amount?
 Thy solemn Protestations, Oaths and Lies,
 Devices, Shams, Evasions, Perjuries,
 My Paper to a Volume would exceed,
 Of greater bulk than *Hollingshead* and *Speed*.
 For thou art now so scandalously known,
 And so remarkable in Vice alone,
 That every one can find a stone to throw
 At such a snarling, pimping Cur as thou.
 But wretch! if still thou art not past all Grace,
 And wholesome counsel can with thee find place;
 If thou at last sincerely wouldst atone,
 And expiate thy former mischiefs done,
 Like dying *Judas* render back thy pelf,
 Recant thy Books and then go hang thy self.

A New Protestant Letany.

From the Race of *Ignatius*, and all their Collegues,
 From all the long counsels of *Bougres* and *Teagues*,
 And from Papacy Rampant, and all her Intrigues,
Libera Nos, &c.
 From Cobweb-Lawn-Charter, from sham-freedom ban-
 Our Liberty-keepers, and new Gospel-planters, (ters,
 In the trusty kind hands of our great *Quo Warrantors*,
Libera Nos, &c.
 From High-Court Commissions, to Rome to Re-join us,
 From a *Radamanth* Chancellor, the Western Judg Mi-
 Made Head of our Church by new *Jure Divino's* (nos,
Libera Nos, &c.
 From our great *Test* Records, cut out into Thrums,
 From *Walt-paper* Laws, us'd with Pasties and Plums,
Magna Charta, *Magna Earta*, made Fodder for Bums,
Libera Nos, &c.
 From a new-found *Stone-Doublet* to th' old Sleeve of
 (Laun,
 And all to make Room for the Pope Lander-Spawn;
 To see a Babe born, through Bed-Curtains *Clofe Drawn*,
Libera Nos, &c.

From resolving o're Night, where to lye-in to Morrow,
 And from cunning *Back-door* to let Midwife thorow,
 Eight Months *Full-grown* Man Child, Born without
 (Pang or Sorrow,
Libera Nos, &c.

From a Godfather Pope to the Heir of a Throne;
 From Three Christian Names to one Sir-name un-
 (known,
 With a *Tyler* Milch-Nurse, now the Mother's Milk's
 (gone,
Libera Nos, &c.

From *Gun-powder-Bonfires*, all turned out of play,
 Not a poor Window Candle dare to give a stolt Ray,
 But all kept reserv'd for Great *Simmels* Birth Day,
Libera Nos, &c.

From Dad *Petre* Pilots at th' Helm to befriend us,
 With all Hands that Pope, Turk, or Devil can lend us,
 And all from a Second *Queen-Bess* to defend us,
Libera Nos, &c.

From *Nuntio's* from Rome to consult how to drub
 The Protestant *Hydra* by our *Hercules Club*;
 And a *Warming-Pan-Plot*, worse than *Celiers* *Meal-Tub*,
Libera Nos, &c.

From old Hundred of Thousand Pound Fines under-
 (rated,
Ruffels Head for his Common-House-Votes Elevated,
 And *Essex's* Razour at Rome Consecrated,
Libera Nos, &c.

From *Sampson-Cord* Oaths, snapt a sunder with Ease;
 From *No faith in Man*, *Colemans* Mouth with a squeeze
 Stopt to tell no more Tales of Father *Le Chese*,
Libera Nos, &c.

From old *Dunkirk* sold for a Song and a Dance,
 The Protestant long design'd Cause to Advance,
 By Most Christian Reformers, the *Dragroons* of France,
Libera Nos, &c.

From supporting our Church *Alamodo Magdalano*,
 From *Mahomet* *Monseigneur* our new Lord *Soldano*,
 And the English Pipes tun'd to French *Fistula in ano*,
Libera Nos, &c.

From *Tyrconnels* Bogtrotters at th' old Trade of Throat
 (Cutting
 From new Conquering Ireland for th' English o'd foot
 (in
 And from Sacrament Oaths of North-Heresie Rooting,
Libera Nos, &c.

From Judges with *Epsom* and *Dudleys* Infection
 From Knaves in Fools Coats, by *Infallible* Direction,
 Raifing Heretick Armies for the Roman Protection,
Libera Nos, &c.

From three-score thousand Crowns, under Planet ma
 (lignan
 Given *Loretto's* great Lady, that famous Heav'n-Reg
 (nan
 To purchase no more than a poor *Cushion* Pregnant,
Libera Nos, &c.

The Laureat.

Jack Squabb's *History in a little drawn,
Down to his Evening, from his early dawn.*

Appear, thou mighty Bard, to open view ;
Which yet we must confess you need not do :
The labour to expose thee we may save,
Thou stand'st upon thy own Records, a Knave ;
Condemn'd to live in thy Apostate Rhimes,
The Curse of Ours ; and Scoff of Future Times.
Still tacking round with every turn of State,
Reverse to *Shaftsbury* ! thy cursed Fate
Is always at a change to come too late :
To keep his plots from Coxcombs was his Care ;
His Villany was mask'd, and thine is bare :
Wise Men alone cou'd guess at his Design
And cou'd but guess, the Thred was spun so fine ;
But every purblind Fooll may see through thine.
Had *Dick* still kept the Regal Diadem,
Thou hadst been Poet Laureat to him,
And, long e're now, in Lofty Verse proclaim'd
His high Extraction, among Princes Fam'd ;
Diffus'd his Glorious Deed from Pole to Pole,
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can rowl.
Nay, had our *Charles*, by Heavens severe Decree,
been found, and Murther'd in the Royal Tree,
Even thou hadst prais'd the Fact ; his Father Slain,
Thou call'st but gently breathing of a Vein :
Impious, and Villanous ! to bless the blow
That laid at oncethree Lofty Nations low,
And gave the Royal Cause a Fatal Overthrow.
What after this cou'd we expect from thee ?
What cou'd we hope for, but just what we see ?
Scandal to all Religions, New and Old ;
Schandal to thine, where Pardon's bought and sold,
And Mortgag'd Happiness Redeem'd for Gold :
Tell me, for 'tis a Truth you must allow,
Whoever chang'd more in one Moon, than thou ?
Ev'n thy own *Zimri* was more stedfast known ;
He had but one Religion, or had none :
What Sect of Christians is't thou hast not known,
And, at one time or other, made thy own ?
A bristled *Baptist* bred ; and then thy strain
Immaculate, was free from sinful stain.
No Songs in those blest times thou didst Produce
To brand, and sham good manners out of use :
The Ladies then had not one Bawdy Bob,
Nor thou the Courtly Name of Poet Squab
Next, thy dull Muse, an *Independent* Jade,
On Sacred Tyranny five Stanza's made :

Prais'd *Noll*, wha even to both extrems did run,
To kill the Father, and dethrone the Son.
When *Charles* came in, thou didst a Convert grow
More by thy Intrest, than thy Nature so.
Under his Liv'ning Beams thy Laurels spread ;
He first did place that wreath about thy Head ;
Kindly reliev'd thy Wants, and gave thee Bread.
Here 'twas thou made'st the Bells of Fancy chime,
And Choak'd the Town with suffocating Rhime.
Till Heroes, form'd by thy Creating Pen,
Were grown as Cheap, and Dull, as other men.
Flush'd with Success, full Gallery, and Pit,
Thou bravest all Mankind with want of Wit.
Nay, in short time, wer't grown so proud a Ninn,
As scarce t' allow that *Ben* himself had any.
But when the men of Sense thy Error saw,
They Check'd thy Muse, & kept the Termagant in a
To Satyr next thy Talent was Address'd,
Fell foul on all, thy Friends among the rest :
Those who the oft'nest did thy wants supply,
Abus'd, Traduc'd, without a Reason why.
Nay, ev'n thy Royal Patron was not spar'd,
But an obscene, a Santring wretch declar'd.
Thy Loyal Libel we can still produce,
Beyond Example, and beyond Excuse.
O strange return, to a forgiving King,
But the warm'd Viper wears the greatest Sting.
Thy Pension lost, and justly without doubt,
When Servants snarl, we ought to kick 'em out,
They that disdain their Benefactors Bread,
No longer ought by Bounty to be fed.
That lost, the Vicer chang'd, you turn about,
And strait a True Blue Protestant crept out ;
The Fryar now was writ : and some will say
They smell a Male-content through all the Play.
The Papis't too was damn'd, unfit for Trust,
Call'd Treacherous, Shameless, Profligate, Unjust,
And Kingly Power thought Arbitrary Lust.
This lasted till thou didst thy Pension gain,
And that chang'd both thy Morals, and thy strain.
If to write Contradictions, Nonsense be,
Who has more Nonsense in their works than thee ?
We'll mention but thy *Lay-mans Faith*, and *Hind*,
Who'd think both these (such Clashing do we find)
Cou'd be the product of one single mind :
Here, thou wou'dst Charitable fain appear,
Find'st fault that *Athanasius* was severe ;
Thy Pity strait to Cruelty is rais'd,
And ev'n the Pious Inquisition prais'd,
And recommended to the present Reign :
" O happy Countries, *Italy* and *Spain* !
Havewe not cause, in thy own words, to say,
Let none believe what varies every day,
That never was, nor will be at a stay.

leathens might be sav'd, you did allow ;
 it seems, we greater Heathens now :
 val Church, that buoys the Kingly Line,
 with a breath, but 'tis such a breath as thine:
 credit to thy party can it be,
 gain'd so lewd a Profligate as thee ?
 from our fold, makes us but laugh, not weep ;
 we but lost what was disgrace to keep :
 m Mistrusted, and to us a scorn ;
 is a weakness, at the best to Turn,
 hadst thou left us in the former Reign,
 e prov'd, it was not wholly done for Gain ;
 the Meridian Sun is not so plain. }
 is thy God, for a substantial summ, }
 to the Turk, wou'dst run away from Rome, }
 ing his Holy Expedition against Christendom. }
 o conclude, blush with a lasting Red,
 thou'r't not mov'd with what's already said)
 e thy Boars, Bears, Buzards, Wolves and Owls,
 all thy other Beasts, and other Fowls,
 ed by two poor Mice : (Unequal fight)
 easie 'tis to Conquer in the Right.
 here a Youth (a shame to thy gray hairs)
 e a meer Dunce of all thy threescore years.
 it in that tedious Poem hast thou done,
 cram'd all *Æsop's* Fables into one.
 why do I the precious minutes spend
 him, that wou'd much rather hang, than mend.
 Wretch, continue still just as thou art,
 ou'r't now in this last Scene, that Crowns thy Part ;
 purchase Favour, veer with every Gale,
 l, against Interest, never cease to rail ; }
 b thou'r't the only proof how Interest can prevail. }

View of the Religion of the Town, or, A Sunday-Morning's Ramble.

I.

ON Saturday Night we sat late at the Rose,
 Carousing a Glas to our Wive's Repose,
 After our usual Mode ;
 Till we drank so long,
 That Religion came on,
 For we were full of the God.
 At *Pro* and *Con*
 We held till One,
 And then we agreed in the Close,
 To let Wording alone,
 And Ramble the Town,
 To see how Religion grows.

II.

We began at the Church of Saint Peter,
 Whose Prebends make many Mouths water,
 Religion did here,
 Like Grave Marron appear,
 Neat, but not Gawdy, like Courtezan Rome,
 Plain, but no Slut like you Geneva Dame.
 She hath on an old Stuff,
 With a Primitive Ruff,
 And round the Seam of her Vest,
 In Musick-Notes scrawl'd all o're
 Loyalty express'd she bore,
 By which at her Church we guess'd.

III.

At the Tombs we did peep,
 Where the Kings were asleep,
 And the Quire melodiously Chanted,
 Without any concern,
 As we could discern
 Of being *Be-Quo-warranted*.
 And we fancy, at the last cast (Sir)
 When among the rest
 They come to the Test,
 Saint Peter will deny his Master.

IV.

Then shifting our Protestant Dress,
 To the Royal Chappel we press,
 Where Religion was fine indeed,
 But with Facings and Fringings,
 With Crossings and Cringings,
 Entirely run up to Seed.
 Good God, what Distraction there reign'd,
 Where Union in VVorship was feign'd !
 For I spy'd a poor Maid
 Just come to the Trade,
 For I fancy she was but a Learner)
 Who was but at most (Sir)
 Half through *Pater-Noster*,
 When the Priest was at *Amen-Corner*.

V.

Not an *Irish-man's* Breeches has half the Petitions
 We saw put up there for various Conditions,
 Sent to the bless'd Maid
 With Care and with Speed,
 And she soon had a Fellow-feeling,
 For she was not far off,
 But got up aloft,
 Most curiously drawn on the Ceiling
 By the Royal Command ;
 Where *Verriq's* great Hand
 (Such to the Saints is his Love)

To the Virgin has given
 As glorious a Heaven,
 As that she enjoys and reigns in above,
 VWhether like the Rogue drew her,
 They can tell best that knew her,
 Tho' most Men are apt to conjecture,
 VWhen he drew the blest Maid
 (Moral Fancy to aid)
 His Mistress sat for the Picture.

VI.

Then, bidding Farewell to their Goddesses and them,
 VVe put in at the *Savoy*, or *New Amsterdam*,
 Not to find our Religion, but to see some odd Sights
 To which Father *Corker's* Chappel invites:
 As in ours sometimes we plac'd Saints and Martyrs,
 So this Holy Room was surrounded with Traytors,
 In Halsters there hung,
 Just so as they swung,
 Saint *Coleman*, and most of the Gang (Boy)
 And wa'nt it for something
 That's just next to nothing,
 Perhaps there had hung our new *Envoy*.

The PAPISTS EXALTATION,

On his Highness the PRINCE of
ORANGE his Arrival in *London*.

NOW, now, the Prince is come to Town,
 The Nation's Dread and Hope;
 Who will support the Church and Throne,
 Against the *Turk* and *Pope*.
 The Folks are fled, that were the Head,
 The Prop of Popery, if all be true as it is said:
 Then hey Boys up go we.

The Queen with her Adopted Heir,
 Is on her way to *Rome*;
 And all undone, has left us here,
 To end the Dance at home.
 The holy Fathers too are flown,
 Saint *Petre*, *Gregory*,
 And if our Cause shou'd once go down,
 Then hey Boys up go we.

Shelton, *Sherbourn*, fled for fear,
 Have Render'd up the Keys;
 And now our Magazine of War
 Is made the seat of Peace.

The Chancellor is in the Tower,
 A wofull sight to see;
 And when he by the Head is lower,
 Then hey Boys up go we.

Lord *Arundell*, and *Bellasis*,
 With *Powis* are withdrawn;
 The World had not such Braves as these
 To guard a Popish Throne.
 VWhen *Peterborough* turn'd of late,
 VVith brawny *Salisbury*;
 Their haughty Necks submit to fate,
 Then hey Boys up go we.

Poulton is in *Newgate* fast,
 And some say Father *Petre*;
 If they at *Tyburn* swing at last,
 VWho can dye Martyrs greater?
 VWhen Father *Ellis* is withdrawn,
 VWho was so bold and free,
 And Conquest for his Tongue is flown,
 Then hey Boys up go we.

The *Orange* grafted in *White-hall*,
 And *Lucas* in the Tower;
 The Fathers fled, both great and small,
 'Tis time that we shou'd scowre.
 The Rabble, they have eas'd the Town
 Of Priests and Popery;
 When once they pull the Chappels down,
 Then hey Boys up go we.

A New SONG on the Call
of a Free Parliament, Jan. 15. 1688

A Parliament with one Consent,
 Is all the Cry o'th' Nation;
 Which now may be,
 Since Popery is growing out of fashion.
 The *Belgick* Troops approach to Town,
 The *Oranges* come powring;
 And all the Lords agree as one,
 To send the Papiests scowring.

The Holy Man, shall lead the Van,
 Our Father and Confessor;
 In Robes of Red, the Jesuit's fled,
 VWho was the chief Transgressor.
 In this disguise he thought to escape,
 And hop'd to save his Bacon;
 But *Herbert* he has laid a Trap,
 The Rat may be Re-taken.

uncio too, the day may Rue,
 he came o'er the Ocean;
 English Court, to keep's Refort,
 teach his blind Devotion.
 relates, *Ellis, Smith, and Hall,*
 e sold their Coach and Horses;
 will no longer in *White-hall*
 nent their learn'd Discourses.

room o'th' Stool, that play'd the Fool,
 forely will repent it;
Sunderland did bare-foot stand,
 Penance shall lament it.
 rd and the *Scotch* are fled,
 om hopes of Interest tempted;
 Lords did turn for want of Bread,
 ought to be Exempted.

Salisbury, what cause had he
 fear his Highness Landing?
 by his Arse and Legs might pass
 one of understanding.
 ke up Arms at such a time
 ainst the Rules were gave him;
 lead must answer for the Crime,
 Pardon will not save him.

Fryars and Monks, with all their Punks,
 e now upon the Scamper;
Annal swears, and Rants and tears,
 d *Teige* does make a Clamper.
 Foreign Priests that Posted o're
 o the English Nation,
 ow repent that on that Shore
 ey laid their weak Foundation.

u'd be a Sight, wou'd move Delight
 each obdurate Varlet;
 e the Graves, that made us Slaves,
 ing in Dispensing Scarlet.
 every Popish Counsellour,
 at for the same Cause pleaded
 all turn off, at the same score,
 hang'd, or else Beheaded.

A New SONG.

Wou'd you be a Man of Favour?
 Wou'd you have your Fortune kind?
 r the Cross, and eat the Wafer,
 d you'll have all things to your mind.

If the Priest cannot convert you,
 Intrest then must doe the thing;
 There be Fryars can inform you
 How to please a Popish King.

Wou'd you see the the Papist Lowring,
 Lost in a hurry, and a fright;
 And there Father *Peters* scowring,
 Glad of Times for happy flight.
 Stay but till the *Dutch* are Landed,
 And the show will soon appear;
 When th' Infernal Court's Disbanded,
 Few will stay for *Tyburn* here.

A New CATCH.

THIS worthy Corps, where shall we lay?
 In hallow'd or unhallow'd Clay?
 Th' Unhallow'd best befits him dead,
 Who Living from the Hallow'd fled.

Then in the Vestry be his Tomb,
 Since that he made his Drinking-Room;
 While, to avoid the Common-Pray'r,
 He soop'd off his *French* Pottage there.

But now, alas! near *Newgate* thrown,
 E'er *Tyburn* could obtain his own;
 He's gone to sleep with Brethren blest,
 In *Baxter's* Saints E'erlasting Rest.

A New CATCH in Praise of the Reverend BISHOPS.

TRUE English Men, Drink a good Health to the Mitre;
 Let our Church ever flourish, tho' her Eanemies
 spight her.

May their Cunning and Forces no longer prevail,
 And their Malice, as well as their Arguments, fail.
 Then remember the Seven, which supported our Cause,
 As stout as our Martyrs, and as just as our Laws.

The FAREWELL.

FAREWELL *Petre*, farewell Cross;
 Farewell *Chester*, farewell Ass.
 Farewell *Peterborow*, farewell Tool;
 Farewell *Sunderland*, farewell Fool.

Farewell

II.

Farewell *Milford*, farewell *Scot*;
 Farewell *Butler*, farewell *Sor*.
 Farewell *Roger*, farewell *Trimmer*;
 Farewell *Dreyden*, farewell *Rhimer*.

III.

Farewell *Brent*, farewell *Villain*;
 Farewell *Wright*, worse than *Tresilian*.
 Farewell *Chancellor*, farewell *Mace*;
 Farewell *Prince*, farewell *Race*.

IV.

Farewell *Queen*, farewell *Passion*;
 Farewell *King*, farewell *Nation*.
 Farewell *Priests*, and farewell *Pope*;
 Farewell all deserve a *Rope*.

TOM TYLER, Or the NURSE.

Old Stories of a *Tyler* sing,
 That did attempt to be a King;
 Our Age is with a *Tyler* grac'd,
 By more preposterous Planets rais'd.
 His Cap with *Jocky's* matcht together,
 Turn'd to a *Beaver* and a *Feather*;
 His Clay transform'd to *Yellow Guilt*,
 And *Trowel* to a *Silver Hilt*.

His Lady from the *Tiles* and *Bricks*,
 Snapp'd to Court in *Coach* and *Six*;
 Her Arms a sucking *Prince* embrace,
 Whate'er you think) of *Royal Race*:
 Prince, come in the *Nick of Time*,
 Bless'd *Dada*! 'tis a *Venial Crime*
 That shall repair our *Breach of State*,
 While all the *VWorld* congratulate,
 All, like his *Sire*, suppress the *Just*,
 Give *Knaves* and *Fools* to *Place of Trust*,
 Give *us* and *Vane*, who fought his *Fate*,
 Give *ers* and *Macs* to *Chits of State*.
 Here, unhappy *Babe*, Alas,
 Cannot but lament thy *Cafe*!
 Art's Thou, fed up with *Rame's* strong *Meats*,
 Wou'd long for *Milk of Heretic Teats*!
 Long the *Daughters* was there none
 Worthy to *Nurse* a *Monarch's Son*,
 Art Thou, in *spight* of all the *Priests*,
 Wou'dst long for *Milk of Heretic Brefts*?
 Wist thy *Uncle*, who before
 Was always right, chang'd the last hour,

If thy undoubted *Sire*, so sage,
 Declar'd i'th' *Evening* of his *Age*;
 Why shou'dst not thou, *Papist* so soon,
 Be a staunch *Protestant* e'er *Noon*?

This said, the *Tyler* laugh'd in's *Sleeve*,
 And took his *Audience* of *Leave*:
 The *Prince*, who answer'd ne'er a *VWord*,
 That he shou'd *Travel* did accord;
 To *Paris* sent to learn *Grimace*,
 To *Swear* and *Damn* with a *Bon Grace*.

The EXPLANATION.

To the Tune of, *Hey Boys up go we*.

I.

OUR *Priests* in holy *Pilgrimage*,
 Quite through the *Land* have gon,
 Surveying each *Religious House*
 Of *Abbot*, *Fryer*, and *Nun*:
 The yearly *Rent*,
 And full *Extent*
 Of every one they know;
 And in whose hands
 Are all our *Lands*,
 As ancient *VVriters* show.

II.

Those *Places* all shall be restor'd,
 As in short time you'll hear;
 I know the *Man* has past his *VWord*,
 Of which you need not fear:
 He did ne'er evade
 One *Promise* made,
 Nor fail'd a friend in *VVoe*;
 But when 'twill be,
 Nor I, nor he,
 Nor the *Devil* himself does know.

III.

Religious Men shall hither haste,
 Their *Zeal* shall make 'em run;
 The *Jesuits* shall your *VVives* keep *Chaste*,
 Each *Fryer* confess his *Nun*:
 The *Men* shall *Shrive*,
 The *VWomen* *Sw---ve*,
 So all shall be forgiven;
 Your *Daughters* *VVhore*,
 Then quit their *Score*,
 And make 'em fit for *Heaven*.

IV.

or Lady Abbess shall appear
 An old Flux'd Bawd or Punk,
 As F---k'd and B---gger'd Threescore years,
 Talk'd Bawdy, and been Drunk,
 Religious Puns
 To teach the Nuns
 Committed to her Charge ;
 And mortifie
 Their Lechery,
 As Nature does enlarge.

V.

The Vestals all shall Virgins be
 That never went astray,
 Have been train'd up Religiously
 The clean contrary way :
 In *Julian's* Song
 For VVhoring long,
 Tho' oft they've noted bin ;
 Nature of Force
 VVill have its Course,
 'Twas all but Venial Sin.

VI.

Your Colledges shall be our own,
 As Vacancy does fall ;
 VVe'll strip each Doctor of his Gown,
 The Parsons turn out all :
 Their Revenues great,
 VVith pleasant Seat,
 The Church to us has given,
 To Sing you Mass,
 Confess each Ass,
 And make you fit for Heaven.

VII.

Nor will we any longer wait,
 After such Notice given ;
 Nor shall they in the Pulpits prate,
 Or teach the way to Heaven :
 'Tis our Province
 You to convince ;
 Our Arguments shall be,
 VVithout dispute
 To make you mute,
 Then, Hey Boys, up go we.

VIII.

Now, Hereticks, consider well
 The Game you have to play ;
 You yet may keep on this side Hell,
 If warn'd by what we say :
 But e'er your Lands

VVhich have been long our due
 VVe'll Stab, we'll Shoot,
 And Damn to boot,
 Then, Hey Boys, up go you.

A New SONG on the Prince and Princess of ORANGE.

I.

Since *Orange* is on Brittain Land,
 That Protestant who will not stand
 To him, and under his Command,
 Befriends the Romish Cause,
 Gives all our Liberties away,
 Our Lives to Popish Priests a prey,
 And *Magna Charta* does betray
 The Test and Penal Laws.

II.

Bid too Illustrious *Moll* appear,
 VVe shan't have then more cause to fear,
 From any Jesuit practice here,
 The Lawfull Heir to cheat.
 Then to her Highness a full Glas,
 The Second Faith-defending Lass,
 And to her Good Man : but the Mass
 Let Providence defeat.

Packington's Pound.

I.

When the Joy of all Hearts, and Desire of all Eyes
 In whom our chief Refuge, and Confidence lies
 The Protestant Bulwark against all Despair,
 Has depriv'd us at once, of her Self, and her Heir :
 That hopefull Young Thing,
 Begot by a King,
 And a Queen, whose Perfections o'er all the world ring
 A Father whose Courage no Mortal can daunt,
 And a Mother whose Virtue no Scandal can taint.

II.

VVhen *Jeffryes* resigns up the Purse and the Mace,
 VVhose impudent Arrogance gain'd him the place :
 When, like *Lucifer*, thrown from the height of his pride
 And the Knot of his Villanies strangely unty'd.
 From the Chancery Bawling,
 He turns a Tarpaulin,
 Men still catch at any thing when they are falling :
 But to hasten his Fate, before he cou'd scour,
 He was tak'n at *Wapping*, and sent to the Tow'r.

III.

VWhen Confessor *Petres* do's yield up the Game,
 And proves to the worst of Religion a shame,
 When his cheating no more o're our Reason prevails,
 But is blasted like that of his true Prince of *Wales* :
 VWhich was his Contrivance,
 And our wife K----s Connivance,
 To establish the *Papists*, and *Protestants* drive hence :
 But their Cobweb Conception is brought to the Test,
 And the coming of *ORANGE* has quite spoil'd the Jest.

IV.

When *Peterborough* Noted for all that's ill,
 VWas urg'd by his Wife to make his Will ;
 At the hearing which words, he did stare, foam & roar,
 Then broke out in Cursing, and calling her Whore.
 And for two Hours at least,
 His Tongue never ceas't,
 He rail'd on Religion, and damn'd the poor Priest,
 And his friends, who had hope to behold him expire,
 Are afraid by this Bout they shall lose their desire.

V.

Young *Salisbury* fam'd in this great Expedition,
 Not for going to War, but obtaining Commission ;
 It's no Mystery to me if his Courage did fail,
 VWhen the greatest of Monarchs himself did turn Tail :
 So that if he took Flight,
 VVith his betters by Night,
 I am apt to believe the pert Spark was i'th' right:
 For the *Papists* this Maxim do every where hold,
 To be forward in Boasting, in Courage less Bold.

VI.

Nor shou'd *Bellasis*, *Powis*, and *Arundel* throng,
 But each in due place have his Attributes sung.
 Yet since 'tis believ'd by the strange turn of Times,
 They'l be call'd to account for their Treasonable Crime
 VWhile the *Damn'd Popish Plot*
 Is not yet quite forgot,
 For which the Lord *Stafford* went Justly to Pot ;
 And to their great comfore I'll make it appear,
 They that gave 'em their Freedom, themselves are ne
 (clea

VII.

W. W's. that Friend to the Bishops and Laws,
 As the Devil wou'd have it, espous'd the wrong Cause
 Now loath'd by the Commons, and scorn'd by the Peer
 His Patent for Honour, in pieces he tears.
 Both our *Britains* are fool'd,
 VWho the Laws Over-rul'd,
 And next Parliament each, will be plagu'ly School'd
 Then try if your Cunning can find out a Flaw
 To preserve you from Judgment according to Law.

VIII.

Sir *Edward Hale's* Actions I shall not repeat,
 Till by Axe, or by Halter, his Life he compleat ;
Pen's History shall be related by *Lobb*,
 VWho has ventur'd his Neck for a Snack in the Jobb.
 All their *Priests* and *Confessors*,
 VVith their dumb *Idol-Dressers*,
 Shall meet that Reward which is due to Transgressors
 And no *Papist* henceforth shall these Kingdoms inherit
 But *ORANGE* shall reap the Reward of his Merit.

F I N I S.

And the coming of ORANGE has done much to
 put their Cobweb Corporation in disrepute and
 to establish the rights and wrongs of the matter.
 And our whole Country
 is full of the spirit of the Cobweb Corporation.
 And the coming of ORANGE has done much to
 put their Cobweb Corporation in disrepute and
 to establish the rights and wrongs of the matter.

And he said, "I will go down
and see thee; and if I find thee
there, thou shalt surely die."
But she said, "I have not seen
any man." And she was afraid,
because she knew that she had
done wrong.

To be found in Bagley's Change 1st Bldg.
 For the People's Mission do every where full
 I thought to follow the pen which was left
 With the Fatherly Hand
 So that it be too full
 I am the great child of a blind and dumb Father
 To the glory of the Father and the Son
 For the good to which I am bound
 I am the great child of a blind and dumb Father

